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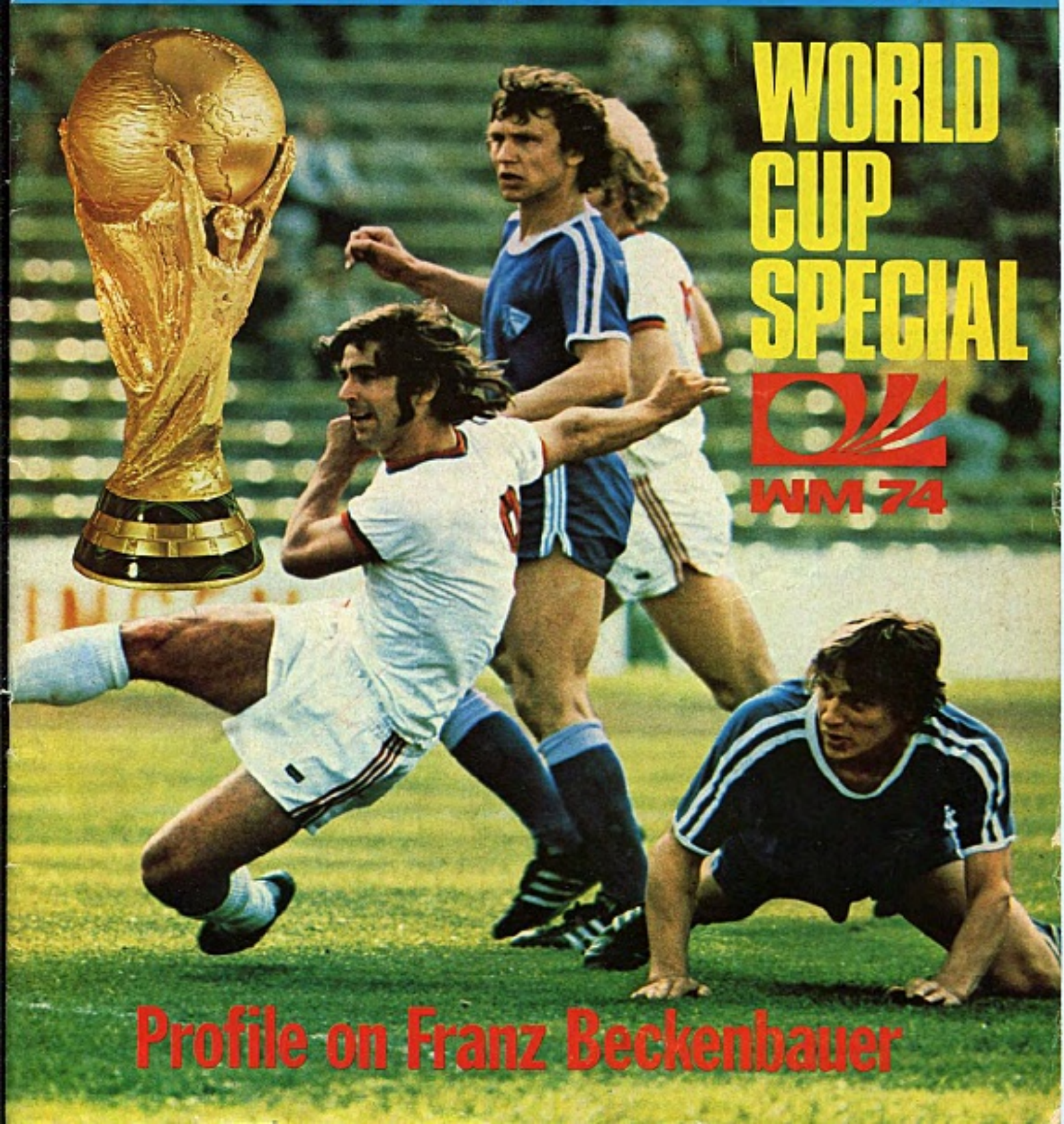

WORLD CUP SPECIAL

WM 74

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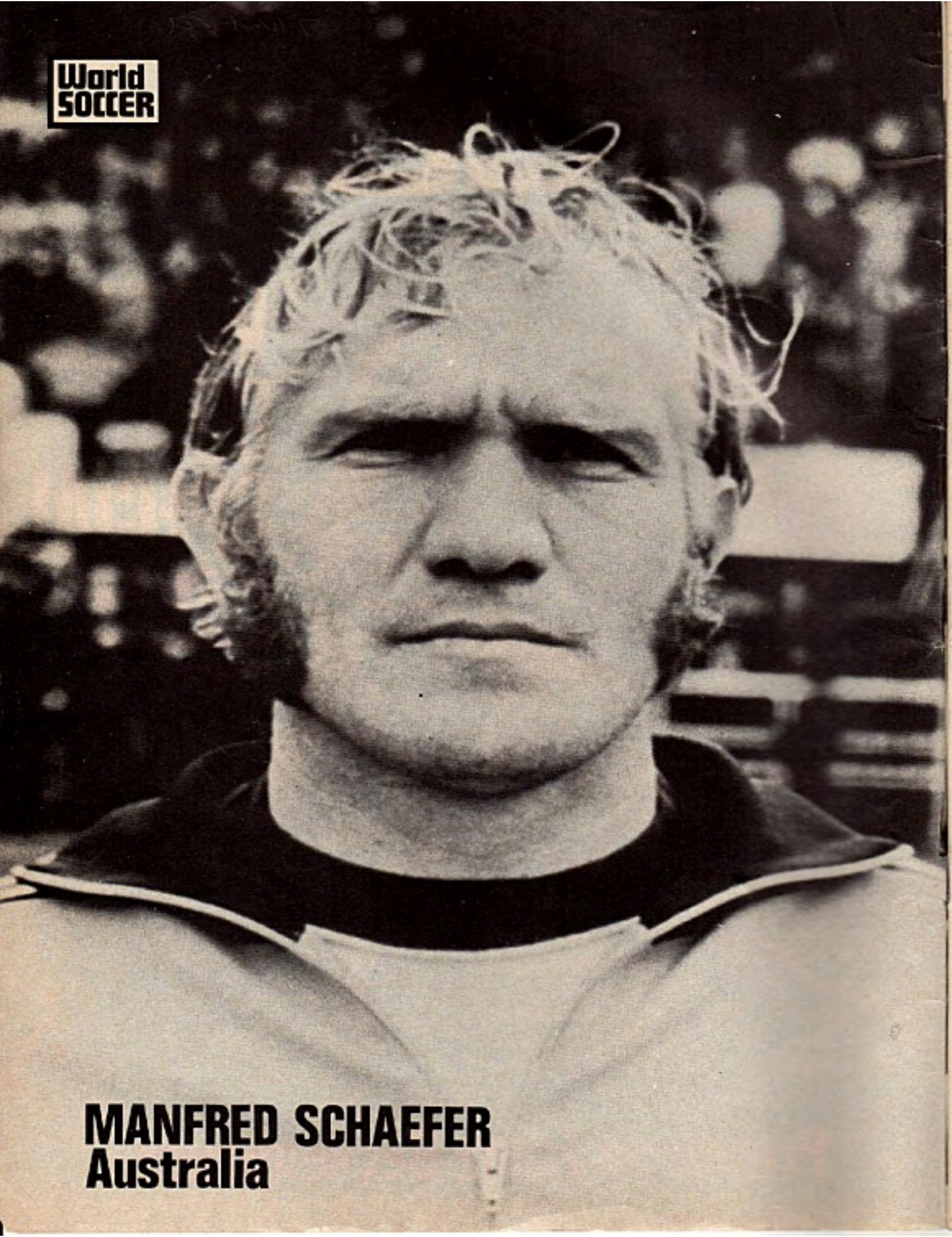
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Bayern triumph

European Cup Final report from KEIR RADNEDGE

IT was the right result, West Germany's first Champions' Cup, and a valuable prestige victory on the eve of "their" World Cup. But we needed a replay.

And yet, paradoxically, the more significant of the two matches was the remarkable *occasion* of the original final in the Stade du Heysel, two days earlier.

For the rerun both teams were under pressures of fatigue and the morale-sapping effects of the extra time drama. More important still, to my mind, Javier Irureta was controversially put *hors de combat* by UEFA's disciplinary machinery.

Either way, what was very clear to all but the most blinkered Briton was that *both* teams play football on a completely different plane to our home-grown favourites. To an extent environment—weather, pitch conditions, etc—have played their part. But the absorbing nature of the original final brought out many other points.

Chief among these was the fact that when they so wish, Atletico can play fine football in a sporting manner, and that Bayern still have grave weaknesses in attack for a team which aspires to be the best in the world.

Impotence

In midfield they were always delightful through the 210 minutes, in defence well organised. But their total impotence when Gerd Müller is shackled—as he was first time round—betrayed them for what they are not: a new Ajax.

Not that this will have worried the watching Helmut Schoen too much. Müller has the redoubtable Jupp Heynckes sharing the burden in the national team. Schoen was perhaps more concerned to see how the method of Atletico had in the first match deflected Bayern and all their flair from the paths of arrogance into those of anxiety.

Indeed, immediately before Georg Schwarzenbeck boomed in his spectacular—and speculative 30 yard equaliser in the last minute of extra time, Atletico appeared to be heading for a victory which their patience would narrowly—very, very narrowly—have deserved.

I had wondered before the first final whether Bayern coach Udo Lattek, desperately hoping for an early goal, would repeat the tactics which had proved startlingly successful against both Dynamo Dresden (away) and CSKA Sofia. This involved Uli Höness leading the attack with Müller dropping into midfield.

Prosaic

But Lattek's team selection made it very clear that this was the last action he wanted to take. He opted for Jupp Kappelmann, the prosaic £130,000 former Köln midfielder, in the No. 11 shirt with Müller destined to be the apex of the attack—not a decoy for it.

How superbly perverse that he should have been silenced at this stage because of the efforts of a man named Eusebio!

Bayern, quite as Atletico desired, had most of the first half and delighted all the neutrals with their arrogance, style and elan. The passes clipped precisely and at such ambitious angles, the dummies and all the subtle tricks born of confidence.

And it was all so impressive because it was accomplished against opponents clearly of an exceptional quality themselves.

But at the start of the second half two shots by Franz Roth—high, wide and anything but handsome—demonstrated how thin is Bayern's veneer of *savoir faire*. They had realised that they were getting nowhere. The more the minutes ticked away the less likely they looked not only to win, but even to score.

Atletico were persistent and consistent—and tragically unfortunate to have Irureta booked for provoking Müller into a dive while Schwarzenbeck, unmolested by the referee, spent all night trying—literally—to stamp out the threat from the nimble Jose Eulogio Garate.

Vital Loraux has never been among my favourite match officials—though to read the Belgian Press you would think he is blessed with Divine Right!

Up to this moment bad passes had stuck out like sore thumbs because of their scarcity. Now they began to multiply and Bayern were invariably the culprits. Conny Torstensson and Rainer Zobel joined Müller in the halls of anonymity and Johnny Hansen, wearing No. 2 but playing *left* back, began to look more the raw part-timer he was when Bayern signed him.

The West Germans' weaknesses were further exposed not just by 36-year-old Luis's brilliant 114th-minute free kick, but by their choice of substitutes. Dürnberger, Jensen, Zimmermann, Hadewicz, Robl—all unknowns, save Dürnberger, who was found wanting some time ago.

Replay

And on to the replay—the crowd cut by half, to 30,000.

Atletico had already suffered one blow to the chin with the last-minute equaliser. Now they were struck to the canvas by the ban on Irureta because of a foolish and harmless handball at Parkhead in the semi-final first leg.

Irureta is no great player, but his selfless hard work is important to Atletico. Ideally in the replay Atletico could have entrusted him with the task of sticking to Höness and not gamble on skipper Adelardo Rodriguez, only playing at all thanks to a pain killer.

And this was a vital chink in their armour because now Lattek saw the light, pushed Höness far up, and brought

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

Gerd Muller of West Germany, top scorer in the 1970 World Cup finals, is the subject of the cover of our special World Cup issue.

BRIAN GLANVILLE Kicks off our World Cup preview

Pendulum swings in favour of West Germany

HOW hard it is, this time, to forecast the World Cup winners! At the moment of writing, the pendulum seems to have swung to West Germany again, given their immense home advantage and their successes over Hungary and Sweden, but they are still not quite the marvellous team they were in 1972, not least because they can no longer be sure of a brilliant Netzer.

Nevertheless, I feel they must be joint favourites—with Italy and Holland. Alan Ball, when England were in Lisbon last April, told me with emphasis, first that it was going to be a very poor World Cup; second, that no one was going to stop Italy from winning it.

I am less sure. Let me put it in this way; if Italy were still managed by a Vittorio Pozzo, they would probably succeed. But they aren't, they are managed by the competent, amiable, scarcely inspired Ferruccio Valcareggi, who made a tactical fiasco of the 1970 World Cup Final, which in any case the Italians were extremely lucky to reach. In overall charge of the party, most surprisingly, is that enigmatic figure Italo Allodi, formerly Secretary of Internazionale, General Manager of Juventus, a man from the Veneto said to have grown rich in football, and to be extraordinarily astute in the transfer market.

Rapped

It is nice to be rich, it is good to be astute, but nothing I know of Signor Allodi leads me to believe he has the qualities a Pozzo is made of. Indeed, there has been much fluttering of the dovecotes in Rome since Keith Botsford and I published, in the *Sunday Times*, our exposure of an attempt to bribe the referee Lobo to favour Juventus against Derby County. The Roman weekly *Tifone* strongly and bravely defended our article, and rapped over the knuckles my friend Aldo Biscardi, the sports editor of *Paese Sera*, for having praised Allodi on the doubtful grounds of winning over referees to the Italian cause.

Allodi, I may add, was one of those who bleatingly attacked our articles, on the shabby and infantile grounds that they were "a manoeuvre to damage the Italian national team". Well, he should know, and his comment, let me say, is open to various interpretations, not all of them, perhaps, those he would choose himself.

Italy have fallen into a difficult group. Poland, even without Lubanski, are nobody's easy victim. They have the advantage of playing—and succeeding—in West Germany before, in the 1972 Olympic tournament, and they will give the Italians at the very least a run for their money.

Then there are the Argentinians. Hard to know how they will play, but if they can strengthen their side with the likes of Carnevali, in goal, Bargas, cool in the middle of the defence, and the torrid Ayala, then they must be a hard team to beat. Hard in every sense. Above all, one piously hopes that this time they will behave themselves.

Tactics

The Italians have the players, the team integration, the tactics but not, perhaps, the temperament. Certainly the defence is impeccably organized in front of a splendid goalkeeper in Dino Zoff, unbeaten at the moment of writing for 1,017 minutes. But will Giacinto Facchetti be as effective as he was last November at Wembley; or as vulnerable as he proved in the 1970 Final? Will 35 year old Tarcisio Burgnich be used as sweeper, and would he last the pace; or will the position go to Giuseppe Wilson, whose far from gentle methods could cause riots in the games against Argentina and Poland?

There is the old, old problem of integrating Rivera and Mazzola, now that Capello has established his place so firmly in midfield, while Gigi Riva, something of a disappointment in 1970, is subject to injury, Giorgio Chinaglia, despite his strength, a somewhat unsubtle battering ram. This is a very good team, but not a great one and, I repeat, it lacks inspiration from the top.

How Brazil fare will largely, I believe, depend on the result of that vital opening match in Frankfurt on June 13, against Yugoslavia. Their recent results, such as those wretched goal-less home draws against Greece and Austria, hardly fill one with confidence and euphoria, but as we know, Brazil when it comes to the World Cup can be something else.

Rescue

I do not believe, however, that they or anybody else could hope to replace in so short a time three such luminous players as Pele, Gerson and Tostao. Poor Mario Zagalo found himself in a position of insuperable difficulty. Perhaps a new, refulgent star will suddenly emerge to rescue Brazil from their troubles, perhaps the volatile and sometimes violent Cesar of Palmeiras will magically come good; but I can't see it. After all, it did not happen in 1966.

What might save the Brazilians is the Yugoslav lack of finishing power; apparent again when they recently lost 1-0 at home to Russia. If they beat the Brazilians at Frankfurt, then I think Brazil might fall apart, and let in Scotland. The Scots do have hopes; though a vast amount will depend on how tired, or how fresh, Billy Bremner proves to be. I still find it hard to understand how Willie Ormond cannot find a permanent place for another splendid little Scot in Archie Gemmill.

There *is* talent in this Scotland team, and do not forget that they have what Yugoslavia have but Brazil manifestly (and this time perhaps expensively) lack: a marvellous goalkeeper. At a time when the Football League abounds with brilliant keepers, masters of the "impossible" save, David Harvey is quite as dazzling as any of them.

West Germany, left to right: Beckenbauer, Maier, Cullmann, Heynckes, Weber, Hoettges, Muller, Overath, Grabowski, Vogts, Hoeness.

At Ashton Gate, at Shepherd's Bush and of course at Elland Road, one has seen him produce some really extraordinary saves. That could give Scotland a substantial chance; while in players such as Tommy Hutchinson and Kenny Dalglish, they can match most opponents for skill.

As for Zaire I am not, at the moment, taking them very seriously. They seem to have the talent, but not—as is the case with so many African teams—the defensive organisation. Still, it would be very foolish indeed for Scotland to take them lightly in their opening match at Dortmund, Ndaye and Kakoko are not exactly backward when it comes to taking chances.

Holland *could* do it; but who knows if they will? At least they have Rinus Michels there, a man who knows how to get the best out of his enormously temperamental Ajax stars; whom he himself brought to fame and maturity.

Modest

Johan Cruyff could and should be the outstanding player of this World Cup, just as he has been the outstanding player of Europe and the Spanish League, an alchemist capable, almost alone, of transforming even a modest team, let alone one as potentially brilliant as Holland's. With him will be such as the admirable Johan Neeskens, the exciting Rudi Krol.

Sweden seem to me the outsiders in the group, with Bulgaria; which is the farthest outside will no doubt be decided at four o'clock in Dusseldorf on Saturday, June 15, when the two meet. That same day, Holland meet the Uruguayans, and must earnestly hope they escape without too many scars and bruises. Uruguay disgraced themselves in Australia, but with Rocha, Mazurkiewicz and Ancheta in the team, they will be very different in West Germany. "A group which suits us," remarked Georg Ericsson, the Swedish team manager. He must be easy to please.

South Korean bid

SOUTH KOREA is calling back its veteran soccer stars for a possible clash with North Korea in the Seventh Asian Games in Teheran this September. Long term plans to cultivate youngsters for a national side at the 1976 Montreal Olympics have been pushed aside after the South saw North Korea outclass Japan in a four-game series in March.

South Korea scouts were impressed by the North Korean's speed, ball-control and stamina as they romped to victory. But the South Koreans feel the Northerners were not up to the superb form which took them to the quarter finals of the 1966 World cup in England.

The South believes it can win if drawn against the North in the Asian Games, and to back its confidence it has called from the sidelines experienced veterans, previously dropped from the national squad. North and South Korea may be placed in separate divisions in the preliminary rounds in Teheran, but the two Koreas, both football giants in Asia, are likely to qualify for the final round. If so they will be meeting each other for the first time since Korea was divided in 1945 at the end of World War II.

When Korea was united under Japanese rule during the war the best sides from Pyongyang, the North Korea capital now, and the traditional capital of Seoul, used to meet for regular friendly matches. This year will be dramatically different: they go to Teheran as bitter rivals with the dialogue between their two governments on detente and eventual reunification deadlocked and relations severely strained.

The possible crucial battle in Teheran forced the South Korean Football Association to drop its sights from Montreal to the nearing Asian Games. The plan to bring along talented youngsters after a demoralising collapse against Australia in Hong Kong last year, which eliminated South Korea from this year's World Cup finals, was changed and older, experienced players were harnessed again.

Goalmouth

A new 17-man national squad selected for the Teheran Games includes two former national players, full back Choi Jae Mo and forward Lee Hee Tack. Lee, a short five foot six inches, was a leading scorer in the national team for many years with his brilliant dribbling, goalmouth skills and sharp shooting. But he was left out in 1971 after disagreement with the football authorities. He played for his country again in January 1972 but was left out again six months afterwards.

After being virtually forgotten, he staged a sensational comeback by scoring two beautiful goals to power his club to a 2-0 win in a national tournament final in March. Lee, widely known in South East Asia, said: "I just could not forget soccer. So I have done my best for my club outside the national squad."

Months of hard training have eliminated his previous weakness in heading and he is more aware of colleagues better placed than himself. Lee is now expected to form a superb forward combination with Park Ee Chun, another highly refined player, and the lanky speedy Cha Bum Keur, to upset the North Korea defence.

The North Korean team which visited Japan was not a full national side but an individual club called April 25, which won the national championship last autumn. But it is believed to include seven national players, three of whom played in the 1966 World Cup, and South Korea expect it to be the mainstay of the North Korean squad in Teheran.

April 25 beat a Japanese selection of college students and other younger players 4-1 in the first match and went on to trounce an Under-20 selection 6-0, a national side 4-0 and a national selected of experienced players 1-0. The club, well-trained as a team since its formation in June, 1971, has also toured Malaysia, Singapore and Pakistan, winning all eight matches.

WELL BALANCE URUGUAY TOP

IN THEORY Group Three is with Uruguay twice past winners and Holland who still spark off thoughts of the super-Ajax the popular favourites. Bulgaria are widely respected having eliminated Northern Ireland and Portugal while Sweden, with their foreign based professionals, could turn out a strong side.

My view, however, is that this is the best balanced group of the four and none of these teams will reach the final stages. They are well balanced—so much so that Bulgaria could beat Holland, draw with Uruguay and then lose to Sweden. Anything can happen here and it would be foolishness to expect either Holland or Uruguay to go all the way. They are not in the same league as Italy, West Germany, Brazil . . . or even Yugoslavia and Poland at their best.

From listening to conversations and reading other opinions I gather that Holland are the big favourite to win this group. I will not say that they cannot, partly because their rivals are of lesser stature than most people think, but they will not win it in style, with panache. If they do top the group it will be after a struggle but they have enormous problems to overcome.

Problems

The appointment of Rinus Michels, the former Ajax boss now with CF Barcelona, certainly helps the Dutch cause for no one else knows the Dutch game and players like he does. He has real problems to cope with for if all the rumours are to be believed none of the Ajax players go much on Johan Cruyff, who they are said to regard as a deserter. In particular, the other big Ajax star Piet Keizer who it was said not only refused to play in the final game against Belgium in Amsterdam (0-0) but would not even speak to Cruyff.

There is also the matter of money in the form of bonuses the Dutch FA can afford to give and what the players want. At the last count the top line Dutch stars were not satisfied with their FA's offer and when Michels took on the side for his first game at home to Austria, he turned out what looked suspiciously like a "B" team. The result as one might expect was a disappointing 1-1 draw against a team that England, who failed to qualify, shattered 7-0 at Wembley just a few months ago.

Clearly that is not the form of World Cup challengers.

It could be that Michels was giving a run out to his second rank players, hoping that one or two would rise to the occasion and show themselves good enough to challenge the regulars and perhaps give him some weight with which to argue with players like Keizer, Cruyff and Company. If so it seems his gamble failed.

On the other hand it may be that behind the scenes the first choice players told Michels they were not prepared to play for chicken feed bonuses. No doubt Ajax pay better than the KNVB and probably so do Feyenoord and FC Twente. Why risk injury and missing a vital league game for a silly friendly against little Austria? The players might well have said they were not fit, half fit or simply that they didn't want to play.

All these questions will be answered when the Dutch arrive in West Germany for their first World Cup game. By then the championship will be over and if Michels can make peace between the players and recreate a team atmosphere then the Dutch could do well. They could, but I doubt if they will.

When it really comes to the crunch only the players that really get involved are going to be successful in the World Cup. The games will be battles and the key matches will be bloody unless the referees clamp down hard. I cannot see FIFA's nominated whistlers getting hold of the hatchet men and therefore it will be up to players like Cruyff, Keizer, Riva, Rivera and Muller to fight for the right to play.

This does not mean that they have to kick back—but that they have to accept all the knocks, control their tempers and go on playing their normal game.

Courage

This demands above all physical courage and strict self discipline. Muller can do it and so can Riva and both have developed the knack of "looking after themselves". Neither of this pair lays down to cry and neither loses his temper and lashes out with hand or boot. But they shrewdly let it be known that they will not only take—but give back, and they have done it long enough for all to know they can do it in ways acceptable to referees.

Can Cruyff and Keizer follow the lead of Muller and Riva? I doubt it, first because their temperaments are against it—they both are more Latin than most Dutchmen and secondly because their hearts will not be in it. Playing for their clubs they are motivated. Their livelihood depends upon doing their thing, playing their role well and giving 100%. But for the KNVB neither player has any love—they've both been unfairly suspended in the past by the KNVB and haven't either forgotten or forgiven.

If the Dutch want the best from their players in June and July then they are going to have to pay them well and that means by the standards of Neeskens, Cruyff and Keizer not what some official thinks the players should be grateful for—the honour of playing for Nederland.

To youngsters the chance to play for their country will be eagerly taken. To figure in a World Cup is every boy's dream. But the Dutch stars are not young boys, they are businessmen with a commodity to sell. Michels might squeeze more from them than Fadrhonc or Van der Hart but he will only get the maximum if the KNVB puts up the money and if the players get infected with the bug.

They have all had success aplenty, they are all household names and all are doing well. They can beat Bulgaria and Sweden all right but can they produce the heart, the courage, the determination to overcome the hatchet men and kickers. I doubt it.

Population

Uruguay have problems of a very different kind. On paper, like the Dutch they have a team that could go far but their problem is simply—will they get their players? The really big Uruguayan stars—Pedro Roche and Ladislao Mazurkiewicz are both in Brazil and there football goes on throughout the World Cup. Clubs that have no official cup or league games still need money in Brazil and will arrange tours to places where there are not so many TV sets, places like Colombia, Venezuela and Peru. They will also stage mini club tournaments in big centres of population away from Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo where they seldom get the chance to see teams like Botafogo, Flamengo and Fluminense.

Rocha and Mazurkiewicz are the big Uruguayan aces but there are other key players abroad too including Pablo Forlan, a right sided attacking player who plays with Rocha for Sao Paulo FC; Julio Montero-Castillo (in Spain with Granada); Roberto Pavoni a classy left half or left back who stars in Argentina with Independiente the World Club champions and several more.

Uruguay have legitimate home-based stars but problem boys, too. Luis Cubilla the key striker in the 1970 World Cup and centre forward or left winger for Nacional feels strongly that Uruguay should field a home-based side in the World Cup. He was amongst the key players who helped Uruguay qualify against Colombia and Ecuador for which the players received only 50,000 pesos (US $500) a game. Now

CED— OPS!

GROUP TWO

Uruguay Holland
Bulgaria Sweden

Preview by Eric Batty

WORLD SOCCER WM 74 SPECIAL

he sees more than half the side being axed to make way for the stars who will get far bigger bonuses in the World Cup proper.

The view of Cubilla is easily understood and could divide the Uruguayan camp unless the reserves are given the same bonuses as those who play under new manager Roberto Porta, who took over after qualification.

One player who is sure to keep his place is a real find, 21 years old centre forward Fernando Morena who plays for Penarol. Despite his youth he was voted "Footballer of the Year" for 1973 and was the leading First Division goalscorer in Penarol's victorious campaign.

Known as "El chico de Oro" . . . the golden boy, Morena will be up the middle with Ruben Corbo his Penarol club-mate on the left and probably Luis Cubilla on the right. Backed by Pedro Roche, Roberto Pavoni and the much improved Victor Esparrago the 3-3 looks good enough to maintain Uruguay's reputation and test even the best sides.

They could if they get all the players mentioned and with defenders not difficult to find, generalled by the orthodox libero Juan Masnik and goalkeeper Mazurkiewiecz go to the last four.

There are problems all the way, however, and they all revolve around money. The Uruguay FA asked their government for US $30,000 to help qualify and were turned down flat. On one occasion for a friendly game they travelled all day in a second hand bus to play in Brazil and travelled back next day the same way.

Economic

Again because of economic reasons the Uruguayans will come to Europe very late. For one thing their FA will pay for the release of Roche, Mazurkiewiecz and the other foreign based players only from about a week before the competition starts. The hope will be that the rest of the team will fit in round them. Meanwhile the B players and the rest of the first XI will play in Central America and the Far East where they will attract big crowds and receive larger sums of money than they could playing in South America or Europe (without their big name players).

This will give the FA—it is hoped—enough cash to pay the Brazilian clubs, insure the stars and still leave enough to offer big bonuses for success. If they reach the last four, as they should at full strength it will be a mini-miracle for Uruguay with their roaring inflation; 2½ million population and the problems of getting the players together.

The Dutch team that drew with Belgium last November.

Bulgaria also have problems though they are of a different kind. Qualified for the fourth time in succession since their breakthrough in 1962, they have still to make an impact on the final stages. This time they have a sound defence and a brilliant midfield attacking player in Christo Bonev but a great gap in attack that seems impossible to fill.

Peter Jekov has been the key scorer for CSKA in league games during the last few years, but at international level it is clear that he is over the hill.

A year ago right winger Dinko Dermendiev recovered his best form and two young strikers began to get goals—Petko Petkov (Beroe) and Georgi Denev (CSKA). Dermendiev has since declined; Petkov plays well against weak defences but fails to show against the best and Denev, still full of promise needs at least one colleague up front with him to take the weight off his shoulders. In 1972 Jekoe could have done the job—in 1976 Denev and perhaps Panov or Milanov of Levski will be ready—but now the Bulgarians are caught between the past and the future with no present.

The attack begins and ends with Christo Bonev, a skilful, industrious and intelligent player who beats men, runs with the ball, sets up chances and scores himself. He is almost a one-man attack but in the present side he gets little help, and though reminiscent of Gunter Netzer he needs a Muller to show himself off at his best.

Sweden depend to a very great extent on their professionals and former pros. If they all click on the big occasion they could just conceivably surprise someone but Ove Kindvall is way past his Feyenoord best and Bo Larsson gave his best years to VfB Stuttgart.

In midfield with them is Ove Grahn still a pro in Switzerland with Grasshoppers while the other attacking players are Conny Torstensson (Bayern Munchen); Ralf Edstrom (PSV Eindhoven) and Roland Sandberg (1st FC Kaiserslautern). In defence goalkeeper Ronnie Hellstrom is suspect and veteran Bjorn Nordquist is the most reliable player.

Hammering

The Swedes have little chance to prepare as a team with half their first choice side abroad and unavailable until the seasons end in Holland, Belgium and West Germany. The home based players have been preparing since early March but will take a hammering once the Swedish season starts playing every mid-week to leave the World Cup period free for TV.

It should be Uruguay and Holland to qualify for the problems of Sweden and Bulgaria are the most difficult to solve but unless Michels works a miracle I take Uruguay to go furthest even though they cannot win the Cup.

Poland loo the bestb

ITALY, Argentina, Poland—three of the strongest candidates for the supreme honour all placed in one group. This makes Group Four in my view the toughest of them all and one that will almost certainly provide unpleasant scenes before it is settled.

Haiti, basking briefly in glory at having qualified will play defensively in every game but are unlikely to manage even one point. As I see it they will be hammered without mercy while the other three play very defensively against each other. For Haiti, one 0-0 draw will be a real triumph, to score even one goal (like Australia) will be an achievement.

The Italians are the number one favourites here though there are many queries to be answered before I back them to go all the way. At this stage I prefer the look of Poland who showed against England—even without the considerable talents of Wlodzimierz Lubanski at Wembley—that they can match the most fancied teams.

Poland's Olympic Games success has been written off as a fluke or at best a success against mere amateurs but I prefer to believe it indicates that Poland have finally joined the front rank of soccer nations, a fact underlined by their elimination of England.

My doubts about Italy revolve around their apparently impregnable defence and their very light-weight attack. In goal there is the much vaunted Dino Zoff about whom I have great reservations. Certainly I do not see him as the great goalkeeper that many people accept him to be. Dozens of goalkeepers could look good behind a defence as tightly knit, quick tacking and prompt challenging as that organised by Giacinto Facchetti and Tarcisio Burgnich.

At the time of writing Zoff has gone 18 months and more than 1000 minutes of international football without conceding a goal. On paper a fine record but one that I suspect. Having seen him several times I suggest that all he has to do is position well for long range shots, be good on the high cross and have safe hands.

Opponents

Zoff has all these qualities, but he looks suspect against aggressive headers of the ball and I don't think he is happy on the cross. Above all I feel he is only as good as the men in front of him who force everyone they meet to shoot from around 25 yards or more. Given a lesser defence that allowed opponents to create shooting positions from 8 to 10 yards I can't see Zoff looking as confident as he does dealing with the long range stuff.

Certainly he knows his way around the penalty area and he is as safe as a good class goalkeeper should be. But he doesn't need to produce the reflex saves from close in—he's barely been tested for Italy though often beaten from such ranges in goal for Juventus. Zoff in my opinion is a doubt.

Italian goalkeeper Dino Zoff.

So, too, are both Facchetti and Burgnich, the twin pillars of the Italian defence and that as we all know is virtually their team. No one else in 1974 has such a well organised, tight-marking, quick-tackling and when the need arises niggly and indeed nasty defenders. Never slow to hold and push when the need arises—but carefully clever not to do it inside the penalty area.

A really good referee could shake the Italian *catenaccio* constructed by manager Ferrucio Valcareggi but time in the shape of the ages of Burgnich and Fachetti could also help. World Cups depend upon consistent performances playing within days for more than three weeks and I doubt if the Italian defence has the legs for such a marathon as is needed to go all the way.

When the crunch comes I wouldn't be surprised to see the stamina drain from the legs and wise though the heads may be, lively forwards could create holes that have been carefully hidden until now.

Strength

The midfield is Italy's biggest strength with Romeo Benetti the hatchet man without which no team seems to be complete these days. Fabio Capello is a good player, highly skilled but no big personality and here much depends on Gianni Rivera. Tubbier now and no longer a boy even if on his best days he still appears to have the touch of gold, I don't think he has the incentive to rise to the occasion unless it be the final. But first Italy have to get there and it may well be that Sandrino Mazzola will take the place of Rivera as he did in Mexico.

During the last two years Rivera has been king, but though slightly older, Mazzola always was in my opinion a better all-round player than Rivera and given the choice between them both at peak form I'd take Mazzola. Valcareggi might take the wise way out and play them both, but he's rarely done that in the past, taking the view that no two generals ever see any battle the same way.

If the Italian rearguard is suspect despite all its apparent impregnability so too is the attack. Giorgio Chinaglia about whom so many rave notices have been written is a remarkably unskilled player for such a big name. Big he is, but not tough. Tall—he isn't very good in the air and only has one foot—his right and that isn't a real cannon.

Luigi Riva is a certainty, playing from the left wing and roaming in towards centre forward he is the one legitimate weapon the Italians have in attack. There are doubts about his fitness and if there are no doubts at all about his pace, his tre-

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tbet

GROUP FOUR

Italy Poland

Argentina Haiti

Preview by ERIC BATTY

WORLD SOCCER WM 74 SPECIAL

mendous left foot shot and his ability in the air it is also certain that in many games he floats on the edge of the play rather than getting really involved.

In Mexico he ran himself into the ground but four years older—and like Rivera—with much more money in the bank I wonder. Remember he's twice broken a leg playing for Italy in the past and the World Cup is not going to be any picnic. Even assuming that Riva gives 100% who is to say that against perhaps Argentina in their second game, he will not receive a serious injury that will put him out for the rest of the World Cup? And where would Italy be then?

Argentina have always been an enigma. Skilful as any in the world they still insist on playing it rough, punching, kicking and spitting. If getting stuck-in (dirty play that is almost fair because it is only hard) was born in England then gamesmanship was surely invented in Argentina.

By contrast the Uruguayans have always had a fine reputation for skilful play but it's never been allowed to float across the Rio del Plata to Buenos Aires. With really strict refereeing and strong disciplinary action by FIFA the Argentinians could like Italy spoil their own chances. Some of their "tackling" would go down well with cannibals and it's all so unnecessary. If the Argentinians could control their emotions and play with the flair and skill that they have produced in the past they could go a long way. They could but I fear they won't.

Formality

Unfortunately for them, the Argentinians produce some of the best players in the world, men like Alfredo Di Stefano, Adolfo Pedernera and Edaardo Ricagni but very few of them have the composure to match that trio. Somehow their skills get lost in their temperament. Even the brilliant Enrico Sivori couldn't control his quick temper as a great player with Juventus. Some of his temperament showed through when he quit after taking Argentina past the qualifying stages, though his resignations had become almost a weekly formality. Finally the Argentinian FA took him at his word and replaced him with Vladislao Cap an Argentinian of Polish origin.

The last time that Argentina looked as if they were going to make a real bid for the World Cup they have never won was in 1957. At that time they won the South American championship in great style with a brilliant young inside forward trio of Maschio, Angelillo and Sivori. They beat Uruguay 4-0 and Brazil 3-0 but a year later the whole trio was in Italy, Brazil won the World Cup and Argentina blew out.

It could conceivably go the same way again for since qualifying this time the Argentinians have lost more than half their first choice 11 to foreign clubs. No doubt Cap will do his best to regain the services of the emigrants and in fact it seems unlikely that Argentina could do well without them. Goalkeeper Alberto Carnevali (now in Spain) could lose his place to Miguel Santoro who is still with Independiente while the key men in midfield will be Miguel Angel Brindisi, a young man with all the skills, the knack of taking goals as well as being the general and a cool head when it comes to slotting home penalty kicks. Brindisi is surely going to be a player to remember.

Emotions

Roberto Telch will probably be remembered too but in the Stiles/Benetti mould rather than as a creative player. But to be renowned as a hard man in Buenos Aires he must be something unusual. Angel Bargas, Francisco Sa and Ruben Ayala are all players that could figure prominently. There is also the centre back Roberto Perfumo who now plays for Cruzeiro in Brazil. If Cap wants back his Argentinians then why not Perfumo too?

Assuming that Argentina will field something like the side that qualified then they must certainly be placed amongst the teams that can at least qualify for the second stage. If they manage to control their tempers and emotions I would not be surprised if they even beat Italy but I would be even more surprised if the big occasion does not bring out the worst features of the Argentinian game.

Remember, too, the Italians are masters at provoking opponents into committing acts of foolishness and the Argentinians for all their skill do not need much provocation.

Poland could well be dark horses in this group and indeed from the viewpoint of pure football I would like to see them do well. My ideal final would be Poland v Yugoslavia for with both teams at their best it could be a test of real skill without a kicker to be found anywhere. However that is for dreamland—the world of FIFA, the World Cup and referees is real. It would be nice but it seems unlikely, yet Poland could as I have already stated do well. Certainly they have the necessary talent to gain a place in the second stage.

In the Polish team there are several key men but even more important than the stars is the method. Two real wingers who attack "from" the flanks in Grzegorz Lato and Robert Gadocha, quick, skilful and hard-working . . . on the left. Poland will be amongst the very few teams with two wingers—Yugoslavia and West Germany likely to be the only others unless Holland dares.

Poland's star of stars is centre forward Wlodzimierz Lubanski, a World Class player by any standard but he is still unfit.

With Jan Domarski ready to deputise for him and Lato a regular scorer, Gadocha and the withdrawn centre forward Kazimierz Deyna also a danger man, Poland are far from being a one man team.

The biggest doubt I have about the Poles concerns Deyna who though a regular scorer in Poland and a frequent scorer in internationals does not have the strength and courage to match his skill and intelligence. Like many other outstanding players Deyna has been chopped down so often that he sometimes parts with the ball too hurriedly for fear that he will be hacked. Often too he is content to play on the periphery of the game rather than getting really involved.

At his best Deyna is also close to World Class but I can't imagine him really imposing his skill on the game with Benetti or Telch snapping at his heels. But Deyna has two men alongside him who could be a great help. In particular Leslaw Cmikiewicz is a good player, strong and hard-working but also hard. It could be that if Deyna gets kicked then Cmikiewicz will give it back and look after the general.

On Deyna's other side is also Henryk Kasperczak not as gifted as Deyna but a very, very good player and the defence revolving around a very reliable libero in Jerzy Gorgon and with goalkeeper Jan Tomaszewski perhaps the most underrated players in the World Cup I feel Poland will go through from this group with Italy.

POLAND (2nd appearance in finals).

Trainer: Kazimierz Gorski.

World Cup 22: Goalkeepers: Andrzej Fischer (Gornik Zabrze), Jan Tomaszewski (LKS Lodz), Zygmunt Kalinowski (Slask Wroclaw).

Defence: Anton Szymanowski (Wisla Krakow), Zbigniew Gut (Odra Opole), Jerzy Gorgon (Gornik Zabrze), Henryk Wieczorek (Gornik Zabrze), Miroslaw Bulzacki (LKS Lodz), Wladyslaw Zmuda (Gwardia Warsaw), Adam Musial (Wisla Krakow).

Midfield: Leslaw Cmikiewicz (Legia Warsaw), Kazimierz Deyna (Legia Warsaw), Henryk Kasperczak (Stal Mielec), Zygmunt Maszczyk (Ruhc Chorzow), Roman Jacoczak (Lech Poznan), Grzegorz Lato (Stal Mielec).

Forwards: Andrzej Szarmach (Gornik Zabrze), Robert Gadocha (Legia Warsaw), Jan Domarski (Stal Mielec), Zdislaw Kapka (Wisla Krakow), Kazimierz Kmiecik (Wisla Krakow), Marek Kusto (Wisla Krakow).

ERIC WEIL REPORTS FROM SOUTH AMERICA

Chile could finish bottom

"IT'S a good job Germany isn't split into three parts or we'd still have to play them all."

It was with those sarcastic words of Francisco Fluxa, Chilean FA president, ringing in their ears that the footballers of one of the longest, thinnest countries in the world began their preparations for the World Cup.

Chile are unlikely to achieve much in West Germany. They are drawn in the same group as East and West Germany and Australia. And many people feel that even the raw Socceroos may prove too determined for the Chileans, who are never quite themselves far from home.

That is the reality of the situation. But in fact the Chileans' great success has been in qualifying at all.

Originally they were drawn with Peru and Venezuela in a preliminary group which was expected to be a cake-walk for the Peruvians, surprise packet of the Mexico extravaganza. Instead, having lost 2-0 in Lima after Venezuela withdrew, Chile reversed the scores in Santiago and won the play-off in Montevideo 2-1 after having been 1-0 down.

It was an excellent victory, but not good enough to put Chile into the finals.

We then had the farce of the play-off against Russia. It is generally agreed that the Russians' big mistake, if they really wished to object to playing in Santiago, was to allow the Chileans to get as far as the first match in Moscow.

But the Chileans did reach the Lenin stadium in what to the Russian media became "the game that never was", and drew 0-0.

Defender

The two heroes were goalkeeper Juan Olivares, a 32-year-old from Union Espagnol whom you may remember from 1966, and Elias Figueroa, playing his first international for a couple of years and looking exactly what he is—the best central defender in South America.

The Russians could not bear the thought of being beaten in that symbolic graveyard of Marxism, the Estadio Nacional in Santiago, and so Chile find their way to West Germany.

And this is where Chile's troubles begin.

Roque Avallay (pictured playing for Huracan in the South American Clubs Championship) is one of his country's top goal-scoring prospects.

Guillermo Yavar, the top scorer in the first division in Chile, pictured in action against Uruguay.

FA president Fluxa is a rich man. He has made a fortune out of making shoes (and, no doubt, boots, too). But the Chilean game is in poor financial straits —as is demonstrated by the emigration of most of their leading players.

Even so, Colo-Colo reached the final of the Taca dos Libertadores last year and took Independiente to extra time in a third match before going down. So there are possibilities for Chile to spring a surprise this summer, particularly as the Colo-Colo coach, Luis Alamos, a 49-year-old nicknamed The Fox, is also boss of the national team.

After the second Russian match was definitely ruled out, Alamos released all the players to their clubs, saying that they would only be brought back into harness on April 15 for the run-in to the World Cup.

In the meantime various problems broke over his head. Twelve leading clubs petitioned the FA to pull out of the World Cup because it would ruin football finances in Chile. What they meant was that without their star players they would not be able to arrange any profitable friendlies during that period.

Compensation

The FA itself had to cancel a proposed European tour and settle for a trip to West Germany via Haiti, Japan, the United States and Australia, again because of lack of funds.

And, since their chances of seeing the £80,000 compensation claimed from the Russians are extremely slim, the Chileans had to apply to FIFA for an advance of their share of the World Cup profits. FIFA were not happy about the arrangement, but by advancing £60,000 to not just Chile, but Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay as well, could claim that it was general aid and not specific bail.

Alamos, during this time, as well as seeing Colo-Colo pipped into second place in the championship by Union Espagnola, had the problem of trying to obtain the release of those Chileans playing abroad.

Figueroa is the most important of these. He is big, strong, cool, good in the air and outstanding on the ground. But he left Chile in the late 1960s for first Penarol and then Internacional of Porto Alegre (Brazil) and Chile have made little attempt in that time to recall him for important matches.

When they did, in the preliminary round for 1970, Penarol refused to release him. Hardly surprising, since Chile were in the same group as Uruguay!

Alamos was allowed Figueroa for Moscow, though, and his performance there made it clear that here was a man Chile could not afford to leave behind when they go to West Germany.

Every man has his price, however. Internacional were asking for a staggering £140,000 from Chile for the right to borrow Figueroa at the time of writing.

Chile do have other useful defenders—Alberto Quintano the sweeper, for one—but unless Internacional modify their price, Chile will not be able to pay and the World Cup will be deprived of one of the few real stars Chile could provide.

Deprived

We might also be deprived of seeing a novel formation. Alamos, it is said, was hoping to introduce a 4-1-4-1 formation. This would consist of a back line of four, with Figueroa a shield in front of them, four men in midfield—including skipper and Footballer of the Year Francisco Valdez, a 30-year-old from Colo-Colo—and with one real front-runner.

This would ideally be 23-year-old Carlos Humberto Caszely. He was Colo-Colo's top scorer and a useful goal-poacher for the national team until falling under the lure of Spain.

At one time last summer it was rumoured that Real Madrid wanted Caszely, but eventually he finished up with second division Levante. It is speculation that Caszely did not really understand Levante's situation when he signed. This season they have spent most of the time propping up the division, and Caszely's reaction has not been one to aid morale.

Interview

In late autumn he drew all his money out of the bank, and was on the verge of taking his new wife back to Chile when club officials caught up with him.

Caszely was "persuaded" that he ought to stay—not least because of the contract he had signed—but it is surely significant that he lives in a flat in Valencia's Calle de Chile, and that when journalists want an interview he meets them in the Bar Chile!

There seems little doubt that Alamos will be able to obtain Caszely's release for the World Cup. The only question is: Will Caszely be up to the challenge? (Helmut Schön and Günter Netzer share a similar dilemma.)

Even if all Alamos's preparations had been going without a hitch, I would be sceptical of Chile's chances. They travel badly, basically. After all the problems of rebellious clubs and far-away players, I can honestly see even the Australians pushing Chile to the bottom of the group.

Brilliant, extrovert, unorthodox and artistic

IN this era of evolution, in which science and method threaten to destroy flair and creativity, the rise to the top of non-conforming and unorthodox footballer is quite extraordinary. Such a brilliantly extrovert player is Franz Beckenbauer, the captain of Bayern Munich and of West Germany's national side. At the time when individual ability is being stifled, or assessed purely in terms of its application to the needs of systems, plans and other forms of regimentation, which have bedevilled soccer during the past decade, it is refreshing to see the artistic, elegant and immaculately stylish Beckenbauer, who combines the ingenuity of a South American ball virtuoso with the traditionally European athletic qualities. Beckenbauer, who is equally effective in attack, or as a midfield schemer, but prefers the role of a "libero", is today perhaps the most complete and versatile footballer in the world.

Some experts insist that he is wasted on purely defensive duties, but practically all his past and present coaches have now recognised that the position of libero is the one which suits him best. Beckenbauer likes in his own words "to see the whole playing area before him." His remarkable playing intelligence and range of vision enable him to organise moves from the rear and to select the right moment for a thrust forward. The launching platform in his own half of the field, often way back in his own penalty area. With either a long accurate pass to a colleague already running into space, through the middle, or by using a cross field ball to start a movement along the flanks, Beckenbauer's constructive build-up is invariably aimed at surprising and outwhitting the opposition.

Skilful dribbles

Quite spectacular are his own upfield sorties, skilful dribbles alternating with the double or reverse pass, and which he often concludes with a powerful shot. He has clearly brought a new dimension to the role of a "libero", which was first introduced in Italy, but where it remained firmly entrenched as a "sweeper", a last figure in defence in front of the goalkeeper.

Franz Beckenbauer was born on September 11, 1945 in Giesing, a district of the city of Munich. It was his brother Walter—who is four years older—who introduced him as a schoolboy to the modest club of SC München 1906, whose player-manager Walter still remains today! And it was his brother who has taught Franz his first football tricks.

Franz was 10 years old when he received his greatest present: a pair of football boots. Beckenbauer's boyhood idol was and still remains the great Fritz Walter, the captain of West Germany's World Cup winning team of 1954. Although he was first a devoted fan of the other local giants TSV 1860, he joined his present club Bayern already as a 13-year-old. Franz was lucky to have sympathetic parents. His father, a postal worker, was also a footballer and when Franz as a centre forward had hit 100 goals in school games in one season (!), "papa" Beckenbauer realised that his boy had genuine potential and he didn't want to stand in his way.

Insurance salesman

At that time, football in Germany was still largely amateur, and thus after leaving school Beckenbauer had to learn a profession. He first trained to become an insurance salesman and later spent 18 months as a supervisor of a clothing store. In February 1964 he signed a professional contract with Bayern Munich at the age of 18.

Soon after, he made his first appearance in the national dress—in West Germany's Youth team. And scored both goals in a 2-1 win over Switzerland at Lörrach. Franz celebrated his first team debut with Bayern in a promotion match to the Bundesliga in 1964—at outside left! But Bayern had to wait another year before joining the sphere.

Franz Beckenbauer owes his soccer education to his first junior coach Rudi Weiss, then the Bayern manager Zlatko Cajkovski and Branco Zebec (both former Yugoslav internationals) and currently to Udo Lattek. At international level he was discovered by the famous Dettmar Cramer, then the chief of the German Youth team and later FIFA's leading coach. Just three months after he took office, Helmut Schön the manager of the full national side called up the not quite 20-year-old Beckenbauer.

He gained his first full cap in a vital match against Sweden, in Stockholm, on September 26, 1965, which clinched Germany's qualification for the World Cup finals with a 2-1 win. A few months later Beckenbauer arrived in England, first for

FRANZ BECKENBAUER profile by Arthur Rotmil

a friendly international in February and then for the world series in July. Earlier, in March, he scored his first goal for the national team, getting two in fact, in a 4-2 victory over Holland at Rotterdam.

His first really tremendous test came in the World Cup final at Wembley, in which Beckenbauer as the youngest member of his side was detailed to mark one of the most experienced men in the world playing virtually on his own ground—Bobby Charlton. Franz prevented Bobby from scoring, but even he was powerless as Germany went down to that disputed third goal. Of this incident Beckenbauer says: "I was 12 yards away and the ball never crossed the line. Even Bobby Charlton patted me on the back, saying 'Sorry Franz'. He too must have known that it was not a goal."

In 1968 Beckenbauer gained some "revenge", when he scored the only goal in a 1-0 victory at Hanover—Germany's first ever triumph over England after 67 years! Two years later, in Mexico, the Germans avenged their World Cup defeat. They were trailing by 0-2 but a fine goal by Beckenbauer launched a revival; further goals from Seeler and Müller led to the German 3-2 win and England's elimination from the World Cup. More recently, Beckenbauer captained the side which knocked England out of the European Championship in 1972, by winning 3-1 at Wembley and drawing 0-0 in Berlin.

Like all great players acclaimed and worshipped, but also openly envied, Franz too has his critics who often mistake his casual approach for arrogance. But Beckenbauer is a typical Bavarian and this race is related closer to their easy going Austrian neighbours, than to the methodical and stern Prussians. His nickname is "Kaiser Franz" (Emperor Franz), conceived in Munich, where they still enjoy royal titles in nostalgic reminiscences of the past. But it is also his Olympian calm and unperturbed manner which make Beckenbauer one of the cleanest and fairest players—in fact, he has never been sent off. Once when he was mercilessly baited, he made a rude gesture to the crowd at Hanover for which he was fined £125.

Pleasing personality

Franz projects a pleasing personality, co-operative and diplomatic too. Like during his visit to Britain, for instance, when he didn't want to be pestered by a reporter from an English Sunday paper. Rather than being rude to him, Beckenbauer declined the interview by saying that he was on an exclusive contract to a German paper! It was a white lie, but it didn't hurt anybody's feelings.

Franz has been lucky in being spared serious injury. A fractured toe (1967), plus a broken bone in his right hand (1969), have cost him two caps. In the World Cup semi-final v. Italy, he also dislocated a shoulder which put him out of action for eight weeks.

Naturally enough, Beckenbauer has been pursued by foreign clubs ready to offer lucrative contracts, together with all the trimmings. In 1966 the Italian club AC Milan had reputedly tempted Bayern with a fee of £250,000, but because of the ban on imports of foreign players the deal fell through.

Recently, he has extended his contract with Bayern for another five years and now he is unlikely to move from Munich. There he lives comfortably with his wife Bridgette and their three sons Thomas, Michael and Stephan. Franz met Brigitte—a divorcee—at the sports training centre of Grünwald, near Munich, where she worked as a receptionist. They married in September 1966—on his 21st birthday!

Together with Bayern's technical director Robert Schwan, who has become his closest friend and adviser, Beckenbauer has founded an insurance agency—as a nest egg for the future. For he has no desire to stay in football, least of all as a manager. "Not at any price"—says Franz emphatically. Throughout his playing career he has watched the trials and tribulations of soccer coaches who are forgotten when the team wins, but are first to blame for lack of success.

Beckenbauer has always had a great respect for his coaches, in particular for the national manager Helmut Schön, who he regards as an outstanding tactician and psychologist. Perhaps that is why he has been so patient, having toiled through 26 internationals in the midfield position, which he dislikes, before being allowed to occupy his favourite role of "libero".

In ten glorious years he has reached the pinnacle of fame. Apart from his medals for the European Championship (1972), the European Cup-Winners Cup medal (1967), plus German Cup and championship winners' trophies, he was twice voted Germany's "Footballer of the Year" (1966 and 1968), and even European "Footballer of the Year" in 1972. Now he is poised to claim the greatest prize of all: as captain of the national side to receive the World Cup. And why not?

Franz Anton Beckenbauer has already gained a permanent place amongst the world's greatest footballers. Few who are playing today deserve the highest honour more than he does.

'We will be at our peak in Germany'

Yugoslavia captain DRAGAN DZAJIC talks to World Soccer

QUESTION: To qualify for Munich, Yugoslavia had to withstand a play-off against a rejuvenated Spanish outfit. How tough in fact was the match?

ANSWER: It is true that Spanish football has improved enormously at international level during recent years. And I feel that if they had qualified for the Finals, they would undoubtedly have been a threat to the likes of Brazil, West Germany and Italy.

So, therefore on the surface our victory over them looked to be a good result, which it was, because a World Cup play-off tie probably contains as much tension as the Final itself. But by the same token our performance was not, in my opinion, as emphatic as we were given credit for.

With all the territorial advantage we had over the Spaniards during the match, we should have scored more than just the one goal. However, we were tense—probably more tense than we thought.

So, taking all the factors into consideration it was a sound performance, although from a personal point of view I expected Spain to be a much tougher proposition than they in fact proved to be.

Yugoslav national team manager, Miljan Miljanic believes that the wing skills of yourself plus the goal-thrust of Bajevic could well prove to be the undoing of the Scots . . .

As I haven't seen much of Scotland recently, I am not really in a position to judge their strengths and weaknesses. Obviously they must be a good side, otherwise they wouldn't have qualified in preference to the Czechs, who are noted for their ability to be able to rise to the occasion in major international tournaments.

I don't think the Scots will be unduly perturbed at the prospect of facing orthodox wingers, as unlike the English they seem to be great believers in wingers. There is no doubt that Dusan Bajevic could embarrass their relatively inexperienced defence, but alternatively if he does play it will be his first competitive international for about six months, so he is unlikely to be at his sharpest.

Yugoslavia's toughest match in their qualifying group looks on paper to be their crucial opening game against Brazil. How do you rate your defence's chances of being able to stop the exciting Brazilian forwards?

Very highly indeed. You are certainly right in saying that the Brazilian forwards are exciting to watch. But they also lack consistency and sophistication.

Frankly I think it is the Brazilians who should be worrying about us, because I honestly cannot see their defence, which although improved is still a comparatively weak link, coming to grips with our forwards. I could be wrong, but I think our defence will find life more difficult against the Scots than the Brazilians!

You've been described by football experts throughout the world as the best contemporary player in Yugoslavia and the best left-winger in Europe . . .

Without sounding over-modest, I cannot say that I have ever revelled or gloried in lavish praise. Of course, it has helped my confidence enormously, yet throughout my career I have never consciously played to the gallery.

My sole aim has always been to do my best for my team, and as such I look upon flattery in the Press as a bonus. And anyway I am sure there are many critics in other parts of Europe who would disagree with the statement that I am the best left-winger in Europe.

Is it true that you are thinking of finishing your football career abroad?

Ever since 1970 stories have been circulating in the European Press quoting my as saying that I desired to leave Yugoslavia. Well, apart from anything these rumours were completely incorrect. And even if I had wanted to go abroad four years ago, the rules of our Football Association would have prevented me from doing so, as I was far too young at the time. Frankly, I look at the problem this way.

As I am not getting any younger, no person gets younger! nothing would benefit me more than a move to a foreign club, but I still feel that 28 is too young for such a move. It goes without saying of course that when I begin to approach the veteran stage, a move to France for example would obviously benefit me a great deal financially.

Our famous international Skobler is a good example of this. But, before I think seriously about leaving my native country, I would have to be offered much more concrete terms than I have been so far!

Your club Red Star, among others in Yugoslavia, has been involved in a bribery and corruption scandal. Top players, managers and officials were among thousands expelled from the Yugoslav Communist Party when the investigation into corruption which had been going on for a year came to light. Could this be one of the reasons why you are thinking of leaving Yugoslavia?

Not at all. As you rightly say there has been a great deal of talk in Yugoslavia during recent months of bribery and corruption involving both players and referees.

And as you probably know large sums

Dragan Dzajic of Yugoslavia.

of money exchanged hands. But from a personal point of view I was never affected by any of the scandals. No. If I leave Yugoslavia it will be for one reason, and for one reason only, namely to gain some extra financial reward.

Yugoslavia's leading striker Dusan Bapevic who missed the game against Spain is also ruled out of the Brazil match. How badly do you think Yugoslavia will be affected by his absence?

Obviously playing without a forward of Bajevic's undoubted class would be a handicap to any international team. But it shouldn't be forgotten that we have an extremely strong squad of players — we are certainly not a one-man team!

And looking on the bleak side, if we do badly against Brazil, we'll be reinforced by Dusan for the games with Scotland and Zaire.

At 12-1, Yugoslavia have become one of the best World Cup bets. Would it be a wise move on my part to back you as the eventual winners?

This is a difficult question to answer, as captain of the Yugoslavian side, I am bound to be infinitely more biased than a genuine outsider.

However, I think our form has improved so much since we played our first World Cup qualifying game that by the time the Finals get under way we should be at our peak. If I were you I'd certainly have a bet on us.

Bo Larsson key figure for Sweden

by Stefan Thylin

WORLD SOCCER WM 74 SPECIAL

GEORG ERICSON, Sweden's Team Manager, has some important decisions to make before the World Cup. One of them concerns Bo Larsson, Malmoe's brilliant player.

Bo Larsson is a player respected by the players and admired by the fans. Last year he was presented with the "Player of the Year" award—for the second time. Georg Ericson describes him as irreplaceable.

But the question is: in which position shall he play in the World Cup?

So far Bo Larsson has played in midfield both for club and country. Bob Houghton, Malmoe's 27-year-old coach, who has played for Brighton and Fulham, has no intention to move his best player to another position. But Ericson has.

Ericson wants to play with a *libero*, a player who is skilful and intelligent enough to start attacks from a deep position. A player like Franz Beckenbauer, the genius of Bayern Munich.

In fact, Ericson insists that Sweden must play with a *libero*.

"The continental teams do and we must follow them," he says.

Ericson tried several players as *libero* last year, but none of them played the type of game he wanted them to. Deep in his heart he knew that Bo Larsson was the best man around for the job—and he is even more convinced now.

Qualities

Larsson played *libero* in a friendly game during the national team's training session in Sicily. He was outstanding.

"He has all the qualities required for the job. He can read the game, he's skilful and fast. He's world class," Ericson says.

"But can I afford to play him in the defence? Can I find a replacement in midfield?"

Bob Houghton doesn't think so.

"Look, Larsson can play anywhere, but he's best in midfield. And if Sweden play their normal game in the World Cup and rely on counter attacks, I don't think Bo will get the opportunity to come forward very often," Houghton says.

"And if he can't come forward, then it's really a waste of talent, isn't it?"

The point is well taken and worth bearing in mind. And, of course, there's another problem. Although Bo Larsson is an intelligent all-round player, he needs time to adjust himself to a new role. And really, time is not on his side.

So there we are. Georg Ericson might play his best player as *libero* in the World Cup, but in Malmoe Bo Larsson is being used as an offensive midfield player. It's an intriguing problem.

Citizen

Anyway, *libero* or not, Larsson is a highly respected player, not only in Sweden. When he played as a professional with Stuttgart 1967-69, Helmut Schoen was quoted saying:

"If Larsson was a German citizen I would no doubt play him and Beckenbauer in midfield."

Quite a compliment, indeed. But Helmut Schoen is not the only famous manager who admires Malmoe's 30-year-old star. Larsson now has almost 60 caps and he's been Sweden's most consistent player during the past ten years.

He started his career as a centre half, but soon he became a striker and was Sweden's leading goalscorer 1965. For the last six or seven years he's been an outstanding midfield player.

And in the World Cup?

PENFRIENDS WANTED
ANYWHERE, ANY AGE
S.A.E. to PEN SOCIETY (P38), CHORLEY, Lancs.

Brazil too bad to be true...

by ERIC WEIL

WITH Brazil having played three out of a series of nine full international warm-up matches scheduled before leaving for Germany (v Mexico 1-1, Czechoslovakia 1-0, Bulgaria 1-0), their form had been too bad to be true. Both wins were obtained with goals in the final minutes.

One commentator described the team as looking like a flock of scared sheep as they criss-crossed the field without purpose. Brazilians have always been hard on their national team from which they expect nothing less than perfection, but that just about summed it up.

Jairzinho, 29, who is due to play in his third World Cup finals and is obviously the most experienced forward, had scored two of the goals. Mid-field player Adhemir da Guia, from whom a lot had been expected, seemed to be overawed by it all and never reproduced his Palmeiras club form. His club mate, centre-back Luis Pereira, was the only real success with his sound defence and forceful attacking moves.

Drafted

Even after the first game against Mexico coach Zagalo realised he needed more attack and drafted Edu (22, Santos), Valdomiro (28, Sao Paulo) and Cesar (29, Palmeiras) into the squad. A few days later came the bomb-shell—the dropping of defender Carlos Alberto (who had been captain of the national team) and goalkeeper Felix who had been the veteran of the squad at 36. But it hadn't been entirely unexpected. Carlos Alberto had fitness problems and Felix had criticized Zagalo for overworking the squad. They were replaced by Flamengo goalkeeper Renato and Cruzeiro back Nelinho neither of whom are expected to be more than reserves if they go to Germany.

A last effort was reported to have been made at government level to get Pele into the squad. On April 1 a radio station announced that Pele had been called up for international team duty. This sent most of the Brazilian press scurrying to look for him and they got yet another denial. It seemed to have been an April Fool's joke—just as another later announcement that Pele had agreed to return on three conditions: a) That his return is not made out to be a victory for the Brazilian Sports Confederation. Pele's relations with the Confederation's president Joao Havelange had been cool since the last World Cup tournament. b) That he doesn't have to follow the strict training schedule of the squad and c) that the Brazilian government passes a labour law for professional soccer players to ease their problems when they retire.

Zagalo fears rough play in the World Cup finals—especially against his team as opponents will try to put Brazil off their game. He is repeatedly warning his players and trying out methods to counter-act it—which could be a reason for Brazil's bad form in recent games.

It was also one of the reasons why Brazil brought out English referee Pat Partridge to control some of their warm-up games—to get first-hand experience of the European interpretation of some of the rules which, for South Americans, produce harder play.

But Partridge's refereeing showed up another chink in Brazil's armour—their slowness in preparing against free kicks. They were often caught by surprise—which is common to all South American World Cup finalists.

Attacking

ARGENTINA much prefers the attacking game, but in the World Cup they will not be able to play with four forwards and two halves in all-out attack—and with a loose defence—as they have been doing against weak provincial selections in practice games. By mid-April the Argentine World Cup team hadn't been tested—nor had the five players with foreign clubs (Perfumo, Yazalde, Bargas, Carnevali and Ayala), on whom coach Vladislao Cap was counting for experience and personality, arrived to join the team.

Cap, who was in Argentina's World Cup team in 1962 (in Chile) knows that his players (those he picked from local clubs) lack experience and his constant worry is that when they are up against European referees "who permit harder play", his players could react violently and get sent off. Although he prefers attack and knows his team is happier when attacking, he says he will naturally use safety first tactics in the World Cup. In fact, he fears it will be a rough and defensive-minded World Cup.

During practices a lot of emphasis has been put on fast reaction and placing against free kicks, because this is a general weakness in league games.

The players are optimistic because they feel that this time there has been proper preparation—without the continual team changes which have unsettled players in the past.

But the captain, 25-year-old Enrique Wolff who has 34 caps to his credit, doesn't agree with Cap. He thinks Argentina's supposedly temperamental players are no more likely to react to injustice on the field than players anywhere else in the world. Wolff believes there has been a change in mentality in Argentina since that explosive England-Argentina duel in the 1966 World Cup finals in London. The players have calmed down and will, as a result, be more successful—in fact they are prepared to win the World Cup.

First Round Fixtures

FIXTURES
(all times GMT)

GROUP ONE

June 14
West Berlin: Chile v. West Germany (1500)
Hamburg: East Germany v. Australia (1930)

June 18
West Berlin: Chile v. East Germany (1830)
Hamburg: West Germany v. Australia (1600)

June 22
West Berlin: Chile v. Australia (1500)
Hamburg: West Germany v. East Germany (1830)

GROUP TWO

June 13
Frankfurt: Yugoslavia v. Brazil (1600)

June 14
Dortmund: Zaire v. Scotland (1830)

June 18
Gelsenkirchen: Yugoslavia v. Zaire (1830)
Frankfurt: Brazil v. Scotland (1830)

June 22
Gelsenkirchen: Brazil v. Zaire (1500)
Frankfurt: Yugoslavia v. Scotland (1500)

GROUP THREE

June 15
Dusseldorf: Sweden v. Bulgaria (1500)
Hanover: Holland v. Uruguay (1500)

June 19
Dortmund: Holland v. Sweden (1830)
Hanover: Uruguay v. Bulgaria (1830)

June 23
Dortmund: Holland v. Bulgaria (1500)
Dusseldorf: Uruguay v. Sweden (1500)

GROUP FOUR

June 15
Munich: Haiti v. Italy (1700)
Stuttgart: Poland v. Argentina (1700)

June 19
Munich: Haiti v. Poland (1830)
Stuttgart: Italy v. Argentina (1830)

June 23
Munich: Haiti v. Argentina (1500)
Stuttgart: Italy v. Poland (1500)

WORLD SOCCER
WM 74
SPECIAL

CROWD VIOLENCE

ARGENTINA soccer violence, long an occupational hazard for players, is spilling over into the terraces. The sight of police firing tear gas volleys at the stands and firemen hosing down crowds of infuriated fans has become almost common lately. Until now Argentinian soccer fanatics had usually left violence to the players.

But serious incidents at recent first and second division matches have caused fears of injury to players, officials and spectators alike. Trouble has snowballed since a linesman was badly injured at an April first division match at the River Port city of Rosario between Newell's Old Boys, the local side, and Colon from nearby Sante Fe.

The linesman drew a hail of bottles, stones and sticks when he refused to rule a goalscoring Newell forward offside, giving the home team a 3-2 wins. A flying bottle on the head rendered the official unconscious and he was taken to hospital with concussion.

The following Sunday more incidents occurred in Buenos Aires. Fans of Boca Juniors, who were losing 1-0 to Newell's Old Boys, opened up with such a shower of missiles that play was abandoned with eight minutes left. Police were called in, and the stadium was soon choking with tear gas and soaked with powerful jets from firemen's hoses.

What has struck observers is that play has been relatively clean at most of the matches where violence has exploded. Boca Juniors fans exploded into violence as their side crashed to its fifth successive defeat, and the Atlanta-Banfield brawl seemed to spring from intense traditional rivalry between the two sides.

Similar incidents have been recurring with worrying frequency at second division matches, often apparently sparked by questionable refereeing decisions. On April 20, after a match between Buenos Aires second division teams Dock Sud and Temperley, it even came to shooting. Hails of bottles interrupted play several times after two players were sent off. Afterwards fans began fighting outside the stadium.

A shot was heard and a 12-year-old boy fell wounded in the stomach. The gunman apparently escaped at high speed in a waiting car, but the crowd mistakenly attacked another man, smashing the windows of the car before mounted riot police galloped into them with truncheons flailing.

Stadiums

To counter the upsurge of violence, Argentine Football Association President Fernando Mitjans asked Federal Police Chief Alberto Villar for strict new security measures at stadiums and nearby railway and subway stations.

General Villar responded by ordering an automatic 30 days jail, without possibility of redemption by fine, for soccer rioters.

He also reinforced guards at Stadium entrances to stop fans bringing in potential missiles and provided extra guards for officials and players. Meanwhile, observers are asking why Argentine fans have turned violent.

Some blame the players — more than 50 have been sent off the pitch so far this season — arguing that the almost permanent violence on the field was bound to spread to the fans in the end. Others blame mass frustration of goal-hungry crowds bored with defensive play which rarely gives them a chance to let off steam with a good cheer.

Still others, including police, believe some disturbances are provoked by petty criminals who take advantage of the confusion to thieve. And finally, some experts recall that it was the tension of the big international club competitions which brought really explosive violence to Latin American soccer fields.

They claim it all began in Brazil in 1963, when the finals of the Inter-Continental Cup between Santos and AC Milan developed into a battle on the pitch. When Glasgow Celtic met Racing Club of Buenos Aires here in the 1967 finals the Scottish goalkeeper was knocked out by a bottle before the match began. At the replay in neighbouring Montevideo, eight players were sent off for foul play.

Brawling and foul play also marked the 1968 finals here between Estudiantes and AC Milan. Last year Ajax Amsterdam refused to come to Buenos Aires to play Independiente. Earlier Argentina met disaster at the 1966 World Cup finals in England and English manager Sir Alf Ramsey called the Argentinian players "animals".

Now, with Argentina due to host the 1978 World Cup, soccer officials are anxiously hoping police will quickly crush the sudden upsurge of crowd violence before it gets a firm grip on soccer fans here.

URUGUAY'S comparatively weak rivals on their pre-World Cup tour to Central America, Hong Kong and Australia nevertheless showed up flaws in the team which was still without half a dozen players with foreign clubs which coach Roberto Porta hoped to include in his World Cup line-up.

Like his Argentine colleague Cap, Porta banks on the experience of these "exports" which is lacking in the current squad. Almost the only success of the tour—which was still in progress at press-time—was 21-year-old centre-forward Fernando Morena who had been scoring most of the goals.

Apart from the fact that Uruguay were on a hiding to nothing against weak opposition, the tour didn't help sporting relations either. Relations were broken off by Uruguay with the Jamaican FA after some hard words when financial arrangements were being made for a possible second match between the two national teams and reports from elsewhere indicated that the Uruguayans gave an impression of superiority and the idea that they were doing these countries a favour to come and play at all.

A blow for Uruguay was the request by Brazilian club Gremio for 60,000 dollars to release Uruguayan defender Ancheta for the World Cup. Uruguayan official Fermin Sorhueta said that the country was too poor to afford this. The problem apparently didn't exist with other players requested from foreign clubs (such as Rocha, Forlan, Pavoni) and they were expected to join the squad—at least in time to leave for Germany.

Weak opposition

CHILE'S story is virtually the same as those of Argentina and Uruguay. At press time they were about to embark on a tour of South and Central America on which they were also due to meet comparatively weak opposition—and with a team not including players with foreign clubs (Figueroa, Quintano, Reynoso, Caszelly) which coach Luis Alamos hoped would be available to give his line-up more experience.

The squad of 23 picked by Alamos (from which one player was due to be dropped and which provisionally included the players with foreign clubs) was:

Goalkeepers — Leopoldo Vallejos, Juan Olivares. Backs — Mario Galindo, Juan Machuca, Antonio Arias, Rafael Gonzalez, Alfonso Lara, Leonel Herrera, Rolando Garcia, Elias Figueroa, Alberto Quintano, Juan Rodriguez. Halves — Guillermo Paez, Francisco Valdez, Guillermo Yavar, Carlos Reinoso. Forwards — Rogelio Farias, Sergio Ahumada, Leonardo Veliz, Jorge Socias, Miguel Gamboa, Osvaldo Castro, Carlos Caszelly.

Olivares, Figueroa and Yavar were already in the team which reached the World Cup finals for the last time—in 1966 in England.

Some time ago I wrote in World Soccer that Chile could cause a surprise in this year's World Cup finals with their good soccer. This opinion—shared by many in South America—may not hold anymore for several reasons.

The draw, made since then, has not been kind to Chile and Olamos calls it his "impossible mission" against the two German teams. The players aren't very optimistic either. Furthermore, many of the players—from the Colo Colo club which forms the basis of the squad—have got stale from too much soccer and World Cup training only started in April when Alamos picked the squad.

Chile left it late and almost give the impression of being resigned to their fate.

Valcaregg strength

PHILIP EVANS discus

Burgnich of Italy.

THAT Italy will be a very difficult side to beat in the forthcoming World Cup finals goes without saying. A dozen games have passed now without the team conceding a goal; and the new system of duplicate groupings must inevitably help a side that has always placed its faith in impenetrable defence allied to swift breakaways through accurate passing and precise finishing.

Valcareggi is a cautious man, and the list he has drawn up of the forty players from whom he will choose his final pool shows his caution to a nicety. Cera is there, and Bertini and De Sisti and Juliano—all players who lost favour in the eighteen months that followed the expedition to Mexico. Of that quartet Juliano is the most likely to travel; but the fact of their inclusion is important in showing that the Italian manager is not about to squander a heaven-sent opportunity to win the Cup for the sake of experiment and paternalism towards younger players.

Vulnerable

It isn't difficult to put together the final selection at an early date. Zoff and Albertosi as the main goalkeepers with Pulici of Lazio as the most likely to make the trip as a passenger in case of crisis; in defence a battery of well-worn names — Morini, Spinosi, Burgnich, Facchetti, Sabadini, Wilson and Bellugi.

Of these only the last-named need worry too much. He has had a season of injuries and bad form, but on his day can blot out good strikers with frightening calm. Sabadini may worry, may fall a victim to the bad season that has been suffered collectively by A.C. Milan; but he is fast over the ground and the Italian defence as a whole remains physically vulnerable to hard-running forwards who are prepared to home in at nasty angles and play off each other speedily. Sabadini may be the one to prevent that being taken for granted.

In midfield there is little cause for alarm unless it be in the form of Gianni Rivera. Last season was ethereal for him, this a torment. He has been injured, has carried much of the blame for his team's failure, has never found the goal-scoring touch that made life such fun for him twelve months ago. Valcareggi's chief task in the next weeks is to make sure that Rivera feels calm and bullish. A big task.

Other certainties to travel in this department would seem to be Mazzola, Causio, Capello and Benetti; the first two to work the openings in close play, the third to stroke the ball around (something he doesn't do as well as he can) and the last to act the part of midfield destroyer-cum-provider. I've always felt and still feel that Benetti could be a very important player for the Italians this summer. Some of the in-fighting will be hard and unsentimental, and Benetti is as equipped as any to tap ankles and dig ribs.

Fitness

Two more midfield players and the favourite names must be Re Cecconi and Juliano. The former is a highly exciting player, injured for some weeks in mid-season, now back to fitness and full of verve. For Lazio he plays quick, intelligent football in midfield; chasing everything and scampering off with the ball once he has won it. He may wriggle his way into the side if either Capello or Causio fall short of expectations.

Juliano—and I'm not so sure. The person I've always thought of as being under-valued is Cuccureddu, the Sardinian who was in the 1970 preliminary party without making the trip. He has played awfully well for Juventus over the past two seasons; and this season particularly was able to climb out from under the shadow of Haller and play with confidence that he was a regular in the side.

Juliano is an excellent passer of the ball over long distances, basic insurance against a lapse of form by Rivera. But without Cuccureddu (or bless him, Furino) the party will have no cover should Benetti find himself injured in the role of midfield screener.

Assuming five strikers, then four are spoken for already — Riva, Anastasi, Chinaglia, Boninsegna. They are all genuine class players, Chinaglia the odd one out in his style of play. But he has had such an excellent season for Lazio, has undoubtedly been instrumental in winning for them the championship (for the first time in the club's history—of which more later) and will probably head the goal-scoring lists. His morale is high, and the green pitches of Germany may suit him nicely.

Which leaves the fifth. Chiarugi is in the bag, and so is Bettega. The former remains impossible to play with yet a beautiful striker of the ball and capable of all sorts of nonsense inside the eighteen-yard box. He has now played long enough with Rivera to understand the meaning of a through pass; and some of his goals have been intelligently worked and executed.

Bettega, on the other hand, is younger, less polished, more stylish and a far better

Squads

SWEDEN (6th appearance in finals)

Best World Cup performances: Runners-up 1958; third place 1950; fourth 1938

Trainer: Georg Ericsson

World Cup 40: Goalkeepers: Ulf Blomberg (Atvidaberg), Ronny Gustavsson (AIK Stockholm), Goran Hagberg (Oester Vaxjo), Ronnie Hellstrom (Hammarby) Sven-Gunnar Larsson (Orebro)

Defence: Bjorn Andersson (Oester), Roland Andersson (Malmo FF), Jorgen Augustsson (Atvidaberg), Tommy Berggren (Djurgaarden), Roland Grip (Sirius Uppsala), Christer Hult (Norrkoping), Kent Karlsson (Atvidaberg), Claes Cronqvist (Landskrona), Bjorn Lundberg, Borje Marcus (both AIK Stockholm), Leif Malberg (Elfsborg Boras), Bjorn Nordqvist (PSV Eindhoven, Holland), Jan Olsson (Atvidaberg)

Midfield: Lars-Goran Andersson, Bo Augustsson (both Atvidaberg), Eine Frederiksson (GAIS Goteborg), Ove Grahn (Grasshoppers, Switzerland), Ove Kindvall (Norrkoping), Bo Larsson (Malmo), Sven Lindman (Djurgaarden), Orjan Persson (Orgryte Goteborg), Tommy Svensson (Oester), Staffan Tapper (Malmo), Conny Torstensson (Bayern Munich)

Forwards: Thomas Ahlstrom (Elfsborg), Ralf Edstrom (PSV, Holland), Inge Ejderstedt (Oester), Ove Eklund (Antwerp, Belgium), Leif Eriksson (OGC Nice, France), Benno Magnusson, Roland Sandberg (both Kaiserslautern, West Germany), Jan Sjostrom (Hammarby), Harry Svensson (Djurgaarden), Jan Matsson (Djurgaarden), Sten Pralsson (GAIS).

HAITI (1st appearance in finals)

Trainer: Antoine Tassy

World Cup 21: Goalkeepers: Henri Francillon (Victory SC), Wilner Piquant (Aigle Noir)

Defence: Wilfried Louis (Don Bosco de Pentionville), Arsene Auguste (Racing), Fritz Andre (Aigle Noir), Serge Duxuste (Aigle Noir), Pierre Bayonne (Violette), Ernat Jean-Joseph (Violette), Wilner Nazaire (US Valenciennes, France) Mario Leandre (Racing).

Midfield: Jean-Claude Desir (Aigle Noir), Philippe Vorbe (Violette), Herbert Austin, Eddy Antoine (both Racing), Guy Francois (Violette), Serge Racine (Jamaica Italian, USA)

Forwards: Guy St Vil, (Fritz Leandre (both Racing), Roger St Vil (Violette) Emmanuel Sanon (Don Bosco), Claude Barthelemy (Racing)

i goes for in depth

ses Italy's prospects

header of the ball. He has played well for Juventus on several occasions during the spring and would not let a side down. I wonder, however, whether there may not still be room in Valcareggi's heart for Gori; who can play more effectively with Riva than any other Italian forward and who can also score the odd goal himself. A long shot, that, but not intended to be evidence that heart always wins over mind.

Here, in fact are the other names, grouped in areas of responsibility:

Goalkeepers: Superchi (Fiorentina), Castellini (Torino)

Defenders: Marchetti (Juventus), Bet (Verona), Zecchini (Torino), Oddi (Lazio), Martini (Lazio), Cera (Cesena)

Midfield: Bertini (Inter), Sala (Torino), De Sisti (Fiorentina), Merlo (Fiorentina)

Forwards: Savoldi (Bologna), Pulici (Torino)

All of which proves that Valcareggi has got real strength in depth. Pulici, for example, played with some success for Italy at the tail end of last season; Savoldi was last season's top scorer; Zecchini is a strong player at the centre of the defence; Merlo a midfield player who on his day can produce real magic; Cera a player who thinks his way through every game and is as altruistic a player as you can find.

Precious

I remain slightly disappointed that players of youth and talent—such as D'Amico of Lazio, Caso, Antognoni and Roggi of Fiorentina and Graziani of Torino—have been omitted. This present Italian side has grown up over the past six or seven years and there are precious few players who will still be playing at international level in four years time. Zoff, Burgich, Facchetti, Mazzola, Boninsegna and Rivera are all over thirty. Riva and Morini will be thirty this year.

But there is no questioning the morale of this Italian squad. The majority of the players realise that this is their last chance in a World Cup competition and are keen to seize it; and heaven knows they have the talent to win the trophy handsomely.

Once again success or failure may depend on psychology rather than skill. There will undoubtedly be complaints against the refereeing; there will undoubtedly be the feeling that certain players will be victimised by the opposition. Paranoia and megalomania will go hand in hand.

Some of the football played by the Italians will be desperate to watch, particularly in the early stages. But Munich and Stuttgart are close to the Italian border, there are a lot of migrant workers in Germany. And in the end the performance of the Italian team may come to depend on the vibrations coming from the crowd, and a bit of considerate treatment in the Press. No witch-hunts, no bickering, playing to talent and I'm off to put my money on them.

A final thought. The Italians and West Germans have met fifteen times. And Italy have won nine of those games and drawn four. Superstition can play wonderful tricks.

Benetti of Italy.

EAST GERMANY (1st appearance in finals)
Trainer: Georg Buschner
World Cup 22: Goalkeepers: Jurgen Croy (Sachsenring Zwickau), Wolfgang Blochwitz (Carl Zeiss Jena), Werner Friese (Lokomotive Leipzig)
Defence: Bernd Bransch, Lothar Kurbjuweit, Konrad Weise (all Carl Zeiss Jena), Siegmar Watzlich (Dynamo Dresden), Joachim Fritsche (Lockomotive Leipzig), Hamann (Vorwaerts Frankfurt)
Midfield: Hans - Jurgen Kreische (Dynamo Dresden), Wolfgang Seguin, Jurgen Pommereske, Axel Tyll (all Magdeburg), Reinhard Lauck (Dynamo Berlin), Rudiger Schnuphase (Rot-Weiss Erfurt)
Forwards: Peter Ducke, Eberhard Vogel (both Carl Zeiss Jena), Jurgen Sparwasser, Martin Hoffmann (both Magdeburg), Wolfram Lowe (Lokomotive Leipzig), Joachim Streich (Hansa Rostock), Schellenberg (Karl-Marx-Stadt)

ZAIRE (1st appearance in finals)
Trainer: Blagoje Vidinic (Yugoslavian)
World Cup 22: Goalkeepers: Kazadi Mwamba (TP Mazembe), Kalambay Otep'A (TP Mazembe), Pombi (Vita)
Defence: Ngole Sondwe (Vita), Lobilo Boba (Vita), Bwanga Tshimen (TP Mazembe), Mukombo Nel'mwanza (TP Mazembe), Mweju Ilunga (TP Mazembe), Kilasu Masamba (Bilima) Lunguila Ndongala (Vita)
Midfield: Kibonge Mafu (Vita), Mana Mambwene (Imana), Mavuba Mafuila (Vita), Kondi Affa (Vita)
Forwards: Kembo Uba Kesto (Vita), Kidumu Mantetu (Imana), Mayanga Maku (Vita), Kakoko Etepe (Imana), Ntumba Kalala (Vita), Ndaye Mulamba (Vita), Mbunga Ekofa (Imana), Dienigama Dinings (Bilima)

AUSTRALIA (1st appearance in finals)
Trainer: Rale Rasic (Yugoslavian)
World Cup 22: Goalkeepers: Allan Maher (Sutherland), Jack Reilly (Hakoah), Jimmy Milisavljevic (JUST)
Defence: Doug Utjesenovic (St. George's), Peter Wilson (Safeway United), Manfred Schaefer (St. George's), Col Curran (Western Suburbs), John Watkin (Hakoah), Ivo Rudic (Pan Hellenic), Harry Williams (St. George's)
Midfield: Ray Richards (Marconi Fairfield), Jimmy Mackay (Hakoah), Jimmy Rooney (Apia), John Warren (St. George's), Dave Harding (Pan Hellenic)
Forwards: Ernie Campbell (Marconi Fairfield), Max Tobon (Safeway United), Attila Abonyi (St. George's), Branko Buljevic (JUST), Adrian Alston (Safeway United), Gary Manuel (Pan Hellenic), Peter Ollerton (Apia)

WORLD SOCCER WM 74 SPECIAL

ITALY (8th appearance in finals)
Best World Cup performances: Winners 1934, 1938; runners-up 1970.
Trainer: Ferruccio Valcareggi
World Cup 48: Goalkeepers: Enrico Albertosi (Cagliari), Luciano Castellini (Torino), Felice Pulici (Lazio), Franco Superchi (Fiorentina), Dino Zoff (Juventus).
Defence: Mario Bellugi (Inter-Milan), Aldo Bet (Verona), Tarcisio Burgnich (Inter-Milan), Giacinto Facchetti (Inter-Milan), Giampiero Marchetti (Juventus), Luigi Martini (Lazio), Francesco Morini (Juventus), Giancarlo Oddi (Lazio), Giuseppe Sabadini (Milan), Luciano Spinosi (Juventus), Giuseppe Wilson (Lazio), Luciano Zecchini (Torino)
Midfield: Romeo Benetti (Milan), Mario Bertini (Inter-Milan), Fabio Capello (Juventus), Franco Cosmo (Juventus), Antonio Juliano (Napoli) Claudi Merlo (Fiorentina), Luciano Re Cecconi (Lazio), Gianni Rivera (Milan), Claudi Sala (Torino)
Forwards: Pietro Anastasi (Juventus), Roberto Bettega (Juventus), Roberto Boninsegna (Inter-Milan), Luciano Chiarugi (Milan), Giorgio Chinaglia (Lazio), Sergio Gori (Cagliari), Sandro Mazzola (Inter-Milan), Paolino Pulici (Torino), Luigi Riva (Cagliari), Giuseppe Savoldi (Bologna)

SCOTLAND (3rd appearance in finals)
Trainer: Willie Ormond
World Cup 48: Goalkeepers: David Harvey (Leeds), Thomson Allan (Dundee), Jim Brown (Sheffield United), Jim Stewart (Kilmarnock)
Defence: Danny McGrain, David Hay, George Connelly (all Celtic), Martin Buchan, Jim Holton (both Manchester United), Pat Stanton, Eric Schaedler, John Blackley (all Hibs), Sandy Jardine, Derek Johnstone (both Rangers) Jackie Copland (Dundee United), Frank Munro (Wolves), Willie Donachie (Manchester City), Gordon McQueen (Leeds), Jim Hermiston (Aberdeen)
Midfield: Bobby Robinson, Jocky Scott (both Dundee), Jim Smith (Newcastle), Billy Bremner (Leeds), Willie Morgan (Manchester United), Peter Cormack (Liverpool), Tommy Hutchison (Coventry), Bobby Lennox (Celtic), Archie Gemmill (Derby), Graeme Souness (Middlesbrough)
Forwards: Peter Lorimer, Joe Jordan (both Leeds), Colin Stein (Coventry), Derek Parlane (Rangers), Jimmy Johnstone (Celtic), Don Ford (Hearts), John Duncan (Dundee), Denis Law, (Manchester City), Lou Macari (Manchester United), Kenny Dalglish (Celtic), Kenny Burns (Birmingham)

ANDREW DETTRE reports from Sydney

Aussies boost their morale

WHEN does a joke stop being a joke? When you beat Uruguay, fair and square? Perhaps not; one has the feeling that Australia, rated at the generous odds of 200 to one, is still expected to be the willing whipping boy of the World Cup.

In their last two full-scale warm-up matches at home at the end of April, the Australians took on Uruguay and received a tremendous boost to their morale. In the first game, in Melbourne, the Aussies played cautiously, obviously showing a great deal of respect to their well-credentialled opponents. The match ended in a 0-0 draw though Australia, with an ounce of luck, could have clinched victory.

The second match, two days later in Sydney, produced the shock: the Aussies won, deservedly, 2-0, much to the delight of a 30,000-strong crowd which included the Prime Minister, Mr. Gough Whitlam and Minister for Sport, Mr. Frank Stewart. The result was no fluke: in every department of the game except sheer individual skill, the Australians proved superior.

How is that possible, some people may ask; after all, Uruguay are one of the Latin American giants. Two important factors combined to bring about this result: the Aussies improved vastly while the Urus, intoxicated with their rococo style, must have slipped badly.

Manager-coach Rale Rasic has at long last found his team, a good blend of players all prepared to run for the 90 minutes, willing to tackle till they drop — and able to launch sudden counter-raids when given half a chance. And all this without frills and complicated embellishments, without too much pretensious nonsense that often goes under the misnomer of "brilliance".

In the victorious match against Uruguay they reminded one of a good English club side, a sort of Arsenal or Wolverhampton (the outraged and the superstitious can now cross themselves), relying on fairly simple but effective methods and refusing to be overawed by the colourful embroidery that is South American football at its worst. But more of that later.

There can be little doubt now that Rasic has settled for the nucleus of his team that will go into the World Cup hurly-burly in Hamburg and Berlin. In goal he is certain to have Jack Reilly, ex-Hibernian backed up by Jim Fraser, a Sydney-born private detective. The defence will be built around the broad shoulders of ex-Middlesbrough stopper Peter Wilson, a commanding figure with long blond mane. Two brilliant young Australian-born fullbacks, Colin Curran, once an apprentice with Manchester United and Aborigine Harry Williams vie for the left fullback position berth.

German-born but Australian raised Manfred Schaefer is likely to be the second stopper while Yugoslav-born Doug Utjesenovic could be on the right flank of the defence.

Midfield Rasic is certain to field Ray Richards, once a London amateur as well as Jimmy Mackay, the Scottish-born ace whose memorable volley in Hong Kong last year put Australia in the final 16. Their partners will come from John Warren, a local product, Jim Rooney, a former Scot and Dave Harding, an ex-Liverpudlian.

Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam meets Attila Abonyi (right) before the match with Uruguay in Sydney. Between them is Peter Wilson (left) and Jim Mackay.

Prolific

If there is one department where Rasic is still somewhat uncertain then it's the attack. Australian-born Gary Manuel or Lancashire-born Peter Ollerton could be in the middle and both are prolific goal-getters, Ollerton particularly with his headers. Attila Abonyi, born in Hungary but raised here, a polished, almost artistic performer, the fast and elusive Adrian Alston, once a Preston apprentice and Yugoslav-born Branko Buljevic, with a mighty shot, are others running for berths.

All this may well sound like an antipodean smorgasbord, a hotch-potch of migrants parading in phony colours. But it's not the case at all. Those players who, for one reason or another, did not

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make the grade in Europe now have twice the will and determination to prove their worth. Also, they have all absorbed and adopted the traditional spirit which has always characterised Australians in every sport; I doubt if there will be another team in the World Cup with a better morale and higher degree of cohesion.

Of course, I am loathe to make any rosy predictions about their chances. It may happen that they lose all their three matches and at least one, against West Germany, by a painful margin. But somehow I doubt it: this is not the type of team that throws in the towel. They will fight every inch of the way, maybe not with the most inspired or spectacular kind of football but without any deep inhibitions. And that could, just could, be enough against the East Germans and Chile.

Detraction

Now, about Uruguay. If I say they were disappointing in Australia, don't take it as a detraction from the Aussies' achievements. The "Celestos" came, naturally, without those stars of theirs on foreign duty with Brazilian, Spanish and French clubs: Rocha, Mazurkiewicz, Ancheta, Pavoni, Esparrago as well as Cubilla who simply didn't feel like travelling. But they still had, in Carlos Masnik, Fernando Morena, Denis Milar, Ruben Corbo, Luis Garisto, Alberto Cardaccio and some others the nucleus of their World Cup team.

And they are all fine, accomplished ball players, capable of doing almost anything with the ball. However, it's their style that lets them down — as well as their suspect temperament. The Uruguayans will not give a forward pass without giving six square ones beforehand; they will not dash when a jog or trot will do. By their incredibly slow build-up work they offer almost unlimited opportunities for defenders to intercept and to have two, three and four bites at the cherry.

Even in the attack they lack acceleration; they don't "explode" with the final move. Totally absorbed with their technique, they make even a simple double-pass move a slow treble-pass or worse. All this proved inadequate against the close marking, hard tackling Australians and I expect it would bear even less fruit against the Dutch or the Swedes who never stand on ceremony.

Perhaps the most disturbing feature of Uruguay's game in Australia was there ill-tempered approach. In both matches they committed some hair-raising fouls; late and two-legged tackles, arm and neck pulling in the goalmouth, ankle-tapping and other "delicacies" are part of their repertoire. They also commit all sorts of atrocities behind the play, with the ball out of action, when nobody suspects and hardly anybody watches it. This was how Australia's Ray Baartz was punched to the ground by Luis Garisto, totally unprovoked. And when the tall Uruguayan was sent off for his sins, Sydney witnessed a replay of the famous England-Argentina flare-up in 1966, with all South American players, officials and hangers-on wildly protesting Garisto's innocence, offering, it seemed, to serve as character witnesses on the pitch.

Australian goalkeeper Jack Reilly smothers the ball as Uruguay's striker Morena is ready to pounce. Ray Richards and Peter Wilson (background) watch anxiously.

Tragic story

It was not until next day that the extent of a tragic story began to unfold. The same Baartz, in the first half, had received a terrible blow to the back of his neck but played on. Possibly aggravated by the knock-out punch towards the end, hours after the game Baartz collapsed, partly paralysed and was rushed to hospital with specialists considering the need for surgery on the blood-clotted main artery in his neck. He later announced, after being told he would be out of football for a year, his retirement.

I don't want to sound pessimistic but I can see all sorts of unpleasant possibilities with Uruguay and Argentina in the World Cup, when things will not go their way. And at least in Uruguay's case, this is quite likely. The Sweden I saw in June 1973 in Budapest should beat this Uruguay without trouble and this may be even easier for the Dutch. I could be wrong; Uruguay may turn on impeccable stuff and also perfect behaviour in the World Cup. But at this stage, you can see no sign of these happening. . . .

Stranger than fiction

THE in-out, now I'm going, now I'm staying situation affecting Les Shannon with Salonika is truly the stuff of fiction—but as often happens it's all really true (writes JACK ROLLIN).

PAOK reluctantly accepted the resignation of the former Blackpool manager for personal reasons. Back Shannon went to his flat that evening and prepared to go home.

Later on he received a telephone call from the club saying that the players had refused to go home and were demanding that Shannon stay. Then his flat was besieged by supporters calling for him as the word spread that he was about to return to Blighty.

More frantic telephone calls from the club said that the players were going to camp out all night at the ground. That was enough for Shannon to rush down to the club followed by hundreds of fans chanting his name.

He managed to persuade the players to go home to bed but only after promising them he would reconsider his decision to quit.

Delighted officials then agreed to tear up the resignation and Shannon sat down to prepare the plans for the next game against top of the table, unbeaten Olympiakos Pireus.

And the storybook ending is that PAOK won 1-0 and Shannon is the greatest Salonika hero since Cassander.

ZAIRE...WO REPRESENT

Peter Lehola (Producer of the BBC African Service Programme "THIS SPORTING LIFE") introduces the great unknowns from Africa.

THERE is little doubt that on June 14 the flag of St. Andrew will be flying high in Dortmund, and the sound of the pipes will fill the Westphalian air, leading the chants of Scotland's hordes of supporters coming from the highlands and lowlands.

Enough to strike fear into many a faint-hearted European soccer opponent. But on that day, Scotland's adversaries will not be familiar foes, known enemies, but the "dark-horses" from Central Africa, who have chosen to call themselves THE LEOPARDS—eleven men from Zaire who emerged from the smoke and thunder of twenty-four countries fighting a two-year battle to decide who is to represent Africa at the greatest single-sport tournament in the world.

The Zaire Squad is already in West Germany, quietly settling in at the Hotel Schloss Berge in Gelsenkirchen.

Five months ago, few people apparently knew where Zaire was. On hearing that Scotland was drawn in group two against Zaire, Willie Ormond was reported as saying: "Zaire? I didn't know there was a place like that." And just about then, a Fleet Street journalist, eager to inform us all about this newly-discovered territory began his piece by saying: "Zaire, the little African country . . . etc. etc."

In fact Zaire is a giant of a country as big as the whole of Western Europe—all of Spain, Portugal, Britain, Italy, West Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Belgium and the Netherlands.

And it's potentially one of the richest countries in the whole of Africa. This in large part accounts for their emergence as the leaders of African football. While other newly-independent African countries struggle to find money for even basic essentials such as a first-class coach, and their players, mainly amateurs, hardly able to afford to take time off to practise, the Zaire national team on the other hand is a rich team.

The Zaire Government itself has seen to that. They have a first-class coach in Yugoslav-born Blagoye Vidimic, and he and his team are held up as the nation's show-piece. In Cairo in mid-March during the African Nations Cup, a special DC8 jet which had been sent to fly the players home, wailed at the airport for forty-eight hours because the final had to be replayed following the 2-2 draw on March 14.

Such is the backing the Zaire national team receives. They're in the World Cup this year not because they're inherently superior sportsmen than the rest of Africa, but because they have found time and money to train and prepare.

Football in Africa is young. And both players and officials there will be the first to admit that they've hardly reached the stage where they could call themselves masters of the game. But their coming to play in West Germany this summer is fully justified. In 1960, at the Rome Olympics, the late Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia became the first black African athlete to win a gold medal at the Olympics when he set a new world record in the marathon.

Since then, the African athletes have become a force in world athletics. Similarly in 1974, Zaire come to the Soccer World Cup tournament as the first national team from black Africa in search of a place in history, even though their very presence in West Germany this year is itself history-making. And you can be sure that in 1978, black Africa will once again be at the World Cup. It's the unfolding story of what has been called the African Revolution.

Scotland's manager Willie Ormond has been quoted as saying that he would not lose any sleep over Zaire. Most people will nod their heads and say: "aye, Willie". And so far as I can recall, even Zaire's experienced Yugoslav-coach Blagoye Vidimic has not made any wild claims for his team.

He's gone only so far as to say that he thought his boys would do well in West Germany—a reasonable enough remark when you come to think of the show put up by Morocco and North Korea in earlier days. "The climate and the lack of big-time experience will be a handicap for Zaire, but they will bring a new spirit to Germany's soccer arenas". Vidimic talking.

THE LEOPARDS OF ZAIRE
THE ROAD TO MUNICH
How Zaire Qualified for the World Cup.
(Zaire matches only. 24 African countries competed in this World Cup Qualifying Group)

ROUND ONE		
6 June 1972 (in Lomé)	Togo v. Zaire	0-0
20 June 1972 (in Kinshasa)	Zaire v. Togo	4-0
ROUND TWO		
4 Feb 1973 (in Douala)	Cameroun v. Zaire	0-1
25 Feb 1973 (in Kinshasa)	Zaire v. Cameroun	0-1
27 Feb 1973 (in Kinshasa)	Zaire v. Cameroun	2-0
ROUND THREE		
5 Aug 1973 (in Accra)	Ghana v. Zaire	1-0
19 Aug 1973 (in Kinshasa)	Zaire v. Ghana	4-1
ROUND FOUR - FINAL QUALIFYING ROUND		
Triangular tournament between Morocco, Zambia and Zaire: A round-robin with each team playing the others twice—home and away.		
4 Nov 1973 (in Lusaka)	Zambia v. Zaire	0-2
18 Nov 1973 (in Kinshasa)	Zaire v. Zambia	2-1
9 Dec 1973 (in Kinshasa)	Zaire v. Morocco	3-0
23 Dec 1973 (in Rabat)	Morocco v. Zaire	0-2
(Morocco refused to play, therefore lost match by 2-0 forfeit)		

You can see from this that Zaire had to play one of the longest qualifying series of matches to reach the final tournament in West Germany (They are equalled only by Australia's SOCCEROOS). In fact, Zaire qualified outright on December 9 when they beat Morocco 3:0 in Kinshasa in the triangular final qualifying fourth round, chalking six points out of a possible eight.

The final scheduled match against Morocco on December 23 was not played. Morocco refused to play as a protest against what they alleged was incompetent refereeing by the Ghanaian referee, Major Lamptey, who was in charge of the match in Kinshasa a fortnight earlier. The two points went to Zaire. That final match, however, would have merely been a formality. Morocco was too far behind to ever catch up, having lost 0-4 to Zambia in Lusaka on October 21, 1973. This is how the table stood:

FINAL GROUP: (Morocco, Zaire, Zambia)
23.12.73 Morocco v. Zaire 0-2 (match not played, forfeited by Morocco)

FINAL CLASSIFICATION:

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA	Pts
1. ZAIRE	4	4	0	0	9	1	8
2. ZAMBIA	4	1	0	3	5	6	2
3. MOROCCO	4	1	0	3	2	9	2

And so, Zaire rounded off the African qualifying competitions for the FIFA World Cup tournament with the maximum eight points from the fourth and final qualifying round.

TEAM MEMBERS
PROFILES AND VITAL STATISTICS:

KAZADI NWAMBA (goalie): Age: 27 (born 6.3.47), Height: 1m 75, Weight: 74 kg.
Club: Tout-Puissant Mazembé of Lubumbashi (formerly Elizabethville). Reputed to be one of the best goalkeepers in Africa. Always looks cool and relaxed. But when the action is on, is fast and extremely agile. Has played for the team for over ten years. Awarded the "silver football" by the French weekly "France-Football" following nomination as the second best player in Africa in 1973. The ballot was carried out amongst sports journalist from 21 African countries.

MWEPU ILUNGA (defence): Age 24 (born 23.8.49), Height: 1m 75, Weight: 75 Kg.
Club: Tout-Puissant Mazembé of Lubumbashi. One of the biggest and strongest of the team whose members are generally on the small side. His elder brother, Mukombo, also plays in defence. A hard tackler.

MUKOMBO MWANZA (defence): Age: 28 (born 17.12.45), Height: 1m64, Weight: 63 Kg.
Club: (Tout-Puissant Mazembé of Lubumbashi). Elder brother to Mwepu. One of the veterans: has been with the team for seven years. Though reputed to be a hard tackler, off the pitch is the gentlest of the whole squad, and the friendliest, with a very ready smile. Sports carefully-trimmed sidebarns.

BWANGA TSHIMEN (defence): Age: 25 (born 5.1.49), Height 1m75, Weight: 63Kg.
Club: Tout-Puissant Mazembé of Lubumbashi. Younger brother of goal-keeper Kazadi. Another veteran. Has been with the team since 1967. Strong in the air and highly rated in Africa. Has accurate ball control. Plays with authority. Was awarded the

RTHY ATIVES

by PETER LEHOLA

"Golden Football" trophy by the French Weekly "France Football", following his nomination by African Sports Journalists as Africa's 1973 Footballer of the Year.

LOBILO BOBA (defence): Age: 22 (born 26.5.52). Height 1m70, Weight: 70 Kg.
Club: Association Sportive Vita Club (A.S. Vita) of Kinshasa (formerly Leopoldville). Handsome, quite charming. But on the pitch is really tough although he doesn't look it. Is one of a pair you could call the two stars of the team (the other is Ndaye). Will be talked about during this tournament. First class with his head—just wins 'em. Makes it look very easy. Forwards will find it difficult to pass him. An outstanding player.

MANA MAMBWENE (Mid-Field): Age: 26 (born 10.10.47), Height: 1m57, Weight: 67 Kg.
Club: Imana. Small but determined player. A real worker. Never seems to stop running.

KIBONGE MAFU (Mid-Field) — Age: 29 (born 12.2.45), Height: 1.76, Weight: 75 K.
Club: Association Sportive Vita. 1973 African Club Champions. He is Vita's Captain, and also a former national team captain. Was out of the Leopards team for a year but made a comeback in 1973 and played in the African Nations Cup in Egypt in March this year. Not a star player: more of a tactician and organiser.

MAYANGE MAKU (forward): Age: 25 (born 31.10.48), Height: 1m76, Weight: 69 Kg.
Club: African Champions A.S. Vita of Kinshasa. One of the exciting Quartet of Zaire strikers, the others being Kakoko, Ndaye and Ntumba. Plays on the left wing. He's fast and can hit them hard with both feet.

NTUMBA KALALA (forward): Age: 25 (born 7.1.49), Height: 1m82, Weight: 78 Kg.
Club: African Champions A.S. Vita of Kinshasa. The tallest member of the team. Has been out of the team for almost a year due to injury which necessitated an operation. But Vidimic said he would be O.K. for the World Cup. Had been the team's top scorer until he was injured. Zaire's Yugoslav coach Vidimic called him "the best player in my team".

KIDUMU MANTANTU (forward): Age: 27 (born 17.11.46) Height: 1m65, Weight: 65 Kg.
Club: Imana. Team captain. One of the most experienced members of the team. Strongly built. Never seen him smile.

KAKOKO ETEPE (forward): Age: 23 (born 22.11.50), Height: 1.75, Weight: 72 Kg.
Club: Imana. Perhaps the best known of the Zaire players. Plays on the right wing. Certainly the darling of the fans. Has great ball control. Top scorer during the qualifying rounds for the Cup: six goals from eleven matches. Noted for his mobility and speed. Good natured—a ready smile even in the most difficult circumstances. Completes the quartet of strikers in Zaire's 4-2-4 system. *(Remember: They are called by their first names only—by fans and all).*

Zaire national coach Blagoye Vidimic.

Squads

HOLLAND (3rd appearance in finals)
Trainer: (Overseer): Rinus Michels
World Cup 40: Goalkeepers: Piet Schrijvers (Twente), Eddy Treytel (Feyenoord), Jan van Beveren (PSV Eindhoven), Jan Jongbloed (FC Amsterdam), Ton Thie (Den Haag), Heinz Stuy (Ajax)
Defence: Wim Suurbier, Barry Hulshoff, Rudi Krol (all Ajax), Dick Schneider, Wim Rijsbergen, Harry Vos, Jeop Van Daele, Rinus Israel (all Feyenoord), Cees Van Ierssel, Epie Drost, Rene Notten (all Twente) Pieus Strik (PSV), Cees Cerrt (NEC)
Midfield: Arie Haan, Gerrie Muhren, Johan Neeskens (all Ajax), Wim Jansen, Theo de Jong, Wim Van Hanegem (all Feyenoord), Willy Van Der Kerkhof (PSV), Chris Dekker (FC Amsterdam), Willem De Vries (Twente)
Forwards: Jan Mulder, Johnny Rep, Piet Keizer (all Ajax), Henk Wery (Feyenoord), Theo Pahlplatz (Twente), Rene Van Der Kerkhof (PSV), Harry Lubse, Willy Van Der Kuylen (both PSV), Johan Cruyff (Barcelona, Spain), Ruud Geels (FC Bruges, Belgium), Willy Brokamp (MVV), Robby Rensenbrink (Anderlecht, Belgium)

BULGARIA (4th appearance in finals)
Trainer: Christo Mladenov
World Cup 40: Goalkeepers: Rumjanscho Goranov (Lokomotiv Sofia), Stefan Staikov (Levski Spartak), Stoyan Jordanov, Simeon Simeonov (both CSKA Sofia), Krasimer Zahrov (Spartak Varna)
Defence: Kiril Ivkov, Lubomir Jetchev, Stefan Aladjov (all Levski), Dimitar Penev, Ivan Zafirov, Kiril Stankov, Zonio Vassilev (all CSKA), Evlogi Bantchev (Minour Pernik), Stefan Velitchkov (Etar Tarnovo), Nikola Kordov (Beroe Stara Zagora), Jordan Stokkov, Borislav Dimitrov (both Lokomotiv Sofia)
Midfield: Bojil Kolev, Asparuch Nikodimov (both CSKA), Krasimer Borisov Traiko Skokov (both Lokomotiv Sofia), Todor Barzov (Spartak Pleven) Ivan Stoyanov, Pavel Panov (both Levski), Ivan Tischanski (Akademik), Christo Bonev (Lokomotiv Plovdiv)
Forwards: Voin Voinov, Zvetan Veselinov, Kiril Milanov (all Levski) Mladen Vassilev, Milen Goranov, Bogomil Simov (all Akademik), Atanas Aleksandrov, Andrei Jeliazkov, Bojidar Grigorov (all Slavia Sofia), Atanas Michailov (Lokomotiv Sofia), Nikola Christov (Danav Ruse), Dimitar Tenkov (Etar), Georgi Denev (CSKA), Dimitar Dimitrov (Beroe)

WEST GERMANY (8th appearance in finals)
Best World Cup performances: Winners 1954; runners-up 1966, third place 1934, 1970; fourth 1958
Trainer: Helmut Schoen
World Cup 40: Goalkeepers: Sepp Maier (Bayern Munich) Wolfgang Kleff (Borussia Moenchengladbach), Norbert Nigbur (Schalke 04), Bernd Franke (Eintracht Brunswick), Werner Scholz (Bochum)
Defence: Berti Vogts (Moenchengladbach), Horst-Dieter Hottges (Werder Bremen), Franz Beckenbauer, Georg Schwarzenbeck, Paul Breitner (all Bayern), Rainer Bonhof, Ulrich Stielike (both Moenchengladbach), Helmut Kremers (Schalke), Wolfgang Weber, Herbert Hein (both Cologne), Hans-Josef Kapellmann (Bayern), Gerhard Zimmermann (Fortuna Cologne), Peter Hidien (Hamburg)
Midfield: Bernd Cullmann, Heinz Flohe, Wolfgang Overath (all Cologne), Gunter Netzer (Real Madrid, Spain), Uli Hoeness, Franz Roth (Bayern), Herbert Wimmer (Moenchengladbach), Horst Koppel (Moenchengladbach), Bernd Holzenbein, Karl-Heinz Korbel (both Eintracht Frankfurt), Wolfgang Seel (Fortuna Dusseldorf)
Forwards: Jurgen Grabowski (Eintracht Frankfurt), Gerd Muller (Bayern), Jupp Heynckes, (Moenchengladbach), Dieter Herzog, Rainer Geye (both Fortuna Dusseldorf), Erwin Kremers (Schalke), Klaus Wunder (Duisburg), Sigi Held (Kickers Offenbach), Rudi Seliger (Duisburg), Josef Pirrung (Kaiserslautern), Georg Volkert (Hamburg)

BRAZIL (10th — record — appearance in finals)
Best World Cup performances: Winners 1958, 1962, 1970; runners-up 1950, third place 1938
Trainer: Mario Zagalo
World Cup 40: Goalkeepers: Leao (Palmeiras), Wendell (Botafogo), Rebelo (Flamengo), Valdir Perez (Sao Paulo), Zecao (Portuguesa)
Defence: Ze Maria (Corinthians), Luis Pereira (Palmeiras), Mario Marinho (Santos), Alfredo (Palmeiras), Wilson Piazza (Cruzeiro), Francisco Marinho (Botafogo), Marco Antonio (Fluminense), Nelinho (Cruzeiro), Toninho (Fluminense), Miguel (Vasco), Moises (Vasco), Gilberto (Sao Paulo), Baroso (Palmeiras)
Midfield: Carbone (Botafogo), Clodoaldo (Santos), Chicao (Sao Paulo), Ademir da Guia (Palmeiras), Ravelino (Corinthians), Paulo Cesar Carpegiano (Internacional), Ze Carlos (Cruzeiro)
Forwards: Zequinha (Botafogo), Dirceu Lopes (Cruzeiro), Ramon (Santa Cruz), Leivinha (Palmeiras), Mirandinha (Sao Paulo), Eneas (Portuguesa), Jairzinho (Botafogo), Dirceu (Botafogo), Paulo Cesar, Lima (Flamengo), Valdomiro (Internacional), Cesar (Palmeiras), Manfrini (Fluminense), Paletta (Cruzeiro), Edu (Santos), Romeu (America)

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YUGOSLAVIA (6th appearance in finals)
Best World Cup performances: Semi-finalists 1930, fourth 1962.
Trainer: Miljan Miljanic
World Cup 40: Goalkeepers: Enver Maric (Velez Mostar), Ognjen Petrovic (Red Star Belgrade), Rizav Menkovic (Hajduk Split), Petar Borota (OFK Belgrade)
Defence: Ivan Buljan, Vilson Dzoni, Dragan, Holcer, Lika Perunovic (all Hajduk Split), Josip Katalinski (Zeljeznicar Sarajevo), Mladen Kamljak (Feyenoord, Holland), Kirit Dojcinovski, Vladislav Bogicevic (both Red Star Belgrade), Jusuf Hatunic (Sloboda Tuzla), Enver Hadziabdic, Dzemal Hadziabdic (both Zeljeznicar), Petar Krivokuca (Red Star Belgrade)
Midfield: Stanislav Karasi, Jovan Acimovic, Miroslav Pavlovic (all Red Star), Branko Oblak, Jurica Jerkovic (both Jajduk Split), Drago Vabec (Dinamo Zagreb), Nenad Bjekovic (Partizan Belgrade), Franjo Vladic (Velez Mostar), Slobodan Kojovic, Bosko Jankovic, Blagoje Bratic (Sarajevo), Vili Amersek (Olimpija Ljubljana)
Forwards: Drazen Muzinic, Ivan Surjak, Slavisa Zungul (all Hajduk Split), Momcilo Vukotic (Partizan), Vladimir Petrovic, Dragan Dzajic (both Red Star), Jadran Topic, Dusan Bajevic (both Velez), Slobodan Santrac (OFK), Danilo Popivoda (Olimpija), Ilija Petkovic (Troyes, France), Josip Bukal (Standard Leige, Belgium)

RAMSEY...

HE'S gone—at last—although the memory still lingers on. . . . The memory of inflexible attitudes, arrogant, constant self - justification, the clipped voice of an autocrat who doesn't tolerate criticism. The apostle of dull anti-football is not with us any more, and we'll never hear those immortal words again in the draughty corridors of Wembley — "They were tremendous. I am proud of them" — after a flaccid 0-0 draw against Nicaragua.

As a long-standing critic of Sir Alf, I am wholly satisfied that his sacking was not only amply deserved, but executed with the utmost fairness. Yet, by refusing to fulfil his contractual obligation, and doing a disappearing act a la Ronald Biggs, he has succeeded in confusing the issue.

His close friend, a certain Mr. Donald Gould, who is an officer of a Building Society, and by definition, an unrivalled expert of Association football, said that he wouldn't dismiss "an office boy" in such a shabby fashion.

On reading this, I immediately applied for a post as an office boy in his company. As I understand it, if I do the job relatively well, I will get a knighthood. If I fail and lose about half a million pounds of my employers' money, I'll be getting three month's notice and a £15,000 golden handshake! Certainly a better prospect than to be working for one of the countless publications which ceased to function due mainly to our World Cup flop, or to be a pro. footballer without a club.

Popularity

There will be hundreds of them on the dole this summer on account of the slump in interest—the popularity rating of Sir Alf with those players cannot be too high!

But I was truly sickened by the reaction of the press *vis-a-vis* Ramsey's departure. Fleet Street was practically flooded with crocodile tears. People who have been putting the knife in for years, suddenly became shy to show their true feelings, and churned out idiotic copy about insignificant side issues.

Hypocrites, cowardly apologists for their own deeply-felt convictions! Even my old mate Alf's fiercest and probably most respected critic, called the sacking "clumsy, unkind, inept". Why? How can you sack someone kindly? What is inept about giving a guy a warning that his contract will not be renewed? What did these journalists expect? A Royal proclamation or a special sitting in the House of Commons, with the Speaker wearing a black hat!

Absolute nonsense! Ramsey is not the first football manager to be fired and not the last either. Remember Stan Cullis, or more recently, Pat Saward, Jimmy Scoular, and Joe Mercer? They all won trophies for their respective clubs, and later, when they didn't deliver the goods, were told to go.

"The next manager won't have absolute power," has been the other red herring pulled out of the age-old bag of tricks. So what? Can the results be any worse, the football more boring, the relations with the media more strained, the future bleaker? In any case, there is no reason to suspect that Gordon Milne (my tip) or any one of the other fancied candidates will be less independent than Ramsey was.

And if someone has the authority to help the new boss with his public utterances, tactical philosophy, confrontations with the selfish clubs etc., all the better.

Departed

I have much more sympathy with the deposed England manager's small band of loyalists. At least they were consistent in defending their dear departed hero. Although they ought to have had a meeting (in the proverbial telephone booth?) to draw-up a common battle plan. Dear old Bernard Joy, who wouldn't write anything nasty about Jack the Ripper, says that Ramsey's "expertise on foreign footballers and tactics is unsurpassed, thanks to a photographic memory and a shrewd analytical brain". If you don't believe me, look up the *Evening Standard*, May 1 edition!)

In the meantime, Ken Jones quotes Alf as saying that Netzer and the Germans surprised him at Wembley. In the same pitiful apology of an obituary, Jones or Ramsey (does it really matter who?) regrets the lost opportunity to create a "new, exciting team". Apparently 11 years wasn't long enough for the poker-faced supremo to discover the joys of attacking football. Just when he was on the verge of turning over a new leaf, those naughty F.A. Councillors bade him goodbye.

The afficionados have also trotted out the usual trite excuses about Alf's record (four failures in four important competitions since 1968!) and his loyalty to his players (irrespective of performance?) Ken Jones writes: "Alf was great for players, and the game is all about players."

Pardon my ignorance, but I do not understand this sentence. Football is not "about" anything, but it *is* meant to entertain a vast public, it *is* meant to be played with flair and imagination, and it *is* meant to be played to win.

The truth is that Ramsey took himself too seriously. He had illusions of grandeur far beyond the position of a football manager. When he watched a league game, he would never comment on it but merely walked around in grim-faced solitude.

By building an artificial wall around himself which alienated club managers and the media, he made his own job more difficult. How could anyone support a sphinx who would never admit a mistake, and would never discuss a decision?

Perhaps precisely this aspect of his personality irritated me most. In the face of irrefutable evidence, Ramsey was convinced that his England teams were merely "unlucky". After the most disastrous year in our football history,

Chel n

by

AT A TIME when most of the clubs in the English Football League are sneaking surreptitious looks at the accounts and wishing and hoping that the problems would go away, hope still springs eternal with a handful of eager applicants.

Presumably optimism does not blind the Yeovils and the Wigans of this world to the harsh realities of life in the Football League. While it is hard to get in, as those who have been trying for 20 or 30 years will testify, it is harder still to make ends meet and to survive.

Nevertheless, the the last few years Peterborough, Oxford United, Cambridge United and Hereford have made it. And all of them have achieved promotion at least once. All have brought League football to an excited and (presumably appreciative area.

It has been a tough, uphill battle for all of them at times. Peterborough's star was in the ascendant, then came tumbling when irregularities in their books were penalised by the club's demotion from the Third Division to the Fourth. In little over 18 months Noel Cantwell has taken them from 92nd in the League back into the Third.

Oxford eventually got into the Third, then the Second. They are still there, albeit hanging on a trifle grimly especially after some alarms this year. Cambridge won promotion but sadly came straight back down again and Hereford, who emulated Peterborough by going up at the first attempt, needed a considerable revival in the second half of 1973-74 to pull themselves away from danger and into relative respectability.

But the fact is that for all of these clubs, it's progress. It is worry, and expense, and

the WORLD SOCCER verdict expressed by LESLIE VERNON

he blithely went on saying that "we are the best in the world".

He habitually glossed over his own blunders with the same bland stubborn disregard for the facts. Lately, he blamed the attitude of the clubs for his own failures. Okay, the Revies and Cloughs of this world could have been more co-operative (and probably would have been if they were approached properly).

Number

Don Revie, for instance, did not have Alf's private 'phone number, and couldn't contact him during the week-end! Do we really need any further indictment of the ex England manager's handling of people?

'He built an artificial wall around himself'

Were the club managers guilty of sending-on a sub. 90 seconds before the end of a match? Did they pick a defensive 4-4-2 formation for the games in Berlin and Katowicze? Did they persist with the hopelessly inadequate Peters-Bell-Ball formula for years? But Alf still wouldn't fall, so he had to be pushed.

I, for one, openly endorse the F.A's long overdue decision. Ramsey will buy a stopwatch, earn a fortune by selling his memoirs, and by taking over some misguided club. Ta-ta Sir Alf, it was an experience knowing you . . .

POLAND'S national soccer coach, Kayimiery Gorski, described sacked England team manager as "A good professional who had to go because public opinion demanded it". Gorski attributed Sir Alf's dismissal to the flood of criticism unleashed after England's elimination by Poland in the World Cup qualifying round.

"I think some of the charges raised against him were correct," Gorski said "I have always considered Ramsey as a coach of high professional skill but maybe he was a bit conservative lately in his tactics."

If Poland lost, he added, he faced the same prospect. "I am prepared for any eventuality."

Agency

Only three Buenos Aires dailies published the news of Sir Alf Ramsey's dismissal. "The English Fired Alf Ramsey" the tabloid *Clarin* headlined a single column agency report from London. *La Nacion* said across two columns "Coach Alf Ramsey Dismissed" while the English language *Buenos Aires Herald* said "Alf Ramsey Kicked Out" across three columns.

The dismissal of the England team manager was ignored in the other five dailies, including *Cronica* which has been particularly vituperative against Ramsey since he called the Argentinians "animals" after Argentina's 1-0 defeat by England in the 1966 World Cup.

Cronica has also consistently called England "pirates" following the controversial sending off of Argentina captain Rattin during the match.

Respect

The General Secretary of the Royal Netherlands Football Association, Mr. Hank Burgwal, said that Sir Alf Ramsey "enjoyed great authority internationally as well as at home." Commenting on Sir Alf's dismissal he said: "I have known Sir Alf for a number of years and have great respect for him. He has achieved a lot in his 11 years as England's football manager. He had authority as well as authority internationally. I am sorry to hear of his dismissal."

elmsford in?

by MARTIN ROGERS

a different world altogether . . . but not one of them would swop the present situation for a return to the non-league pastures where vinning and optimistic enthusiasm went hand in hand.

If the Football League ever accept the pyramid principle it could be possible for a little team to plot its potential progress up the soccer ladder. At the moment, though, an arbitrary line is drawn after four divisions and 92 clubs and to say that it is difficult to get in is no understatement.

Capture

So what makes clubs like Chelmsford City of the Southern League think that they could hold their own and add something to the League competition? Of all the non-Leaguers trying to capture vital votes at the June 7 annual meeting, Chelmsford can claim to have made more noise and spent more money than any of their current competitors.

Chelmsford employed a public relations firm which includes among its directorate Jimmy Hill and Derek Ufton to help them conduct a campaign from which there will be little change out of £10,000. That's how keen they are to get in.

Admittedly, Chelmsford have not enjoyed the sort of eye-catching success in the F.A. Cup that Hereford and others have done. In their first season as a professional club (1938, two years after Ipswich turned pro and joined the Southern League, one year after Colchester) they did create a record by going through from the preliminary round to the fourth round proper . . . but there has been nothing like it since.

Chelmsford reached the third round in 1973 before losing 3-1 to Ipswich but their greatest claim to playing excellence lies in their Southern League record. Since the Premier Division came into existence, they have taken more points and earned more high placings in this, the acknowledged pinnacle of non-league soccer, than any other club. They have won the title at regular intervals . . . the most recent occasion being 1972 when Hereford, the runners-up, got the nod from the Football League.

Their New Writtle Street Stadium is classed as one of the finest in the area and is comparable to many in the Fourth and several in the Third Division. Gates have been consistently impressive in spite of the irksome necessity of having to meet and beat the same old Southern League opponents year after year. The F.A. Cup has proved the potential with a couple of 16,000 plus attendances in recent seasons.

The area is prosperous, League opponents Southend (20) and Colchester (22) don't affect the situation unduly, and despite the proximity to London (30 miles) the county town of Essex has 60,000 inhabitants and the immediate catchment area 250,000. Enough to be going on with, you would think, and certainly enough to give Chelmsford City the sort of support they would need.

As far back as the early and mid 1960's Chelmsford were averaging 4,000/5,000 and Oxford apart, must have been the obvious

●Continued on page 34

WORLD CUP DIARY... WORLD C

German influence ...S look for win... Italian

WHEN Chile dismissed their German born manager Rudi Gutendorf it seemed that their one trump card for the World Cup finals in West Germany had been discarded.

But the appointment of Luis Alamos (52) the boss of Colo Colo the national team champions of 1972 produced a successful qualification and has not impaired the Germanic connections which can still be found in the team.

Goalkeeper Adolfo Nef speaks German, centre back Elias Figueros who plays in Brazil these days has a German mother and the team's trainer Gustavo Graf was born in Germany.

NOT that the Chileans are alone in their Group with Germany influence. The Aussies have a German born player in their blond centre back Manfred Schaefer. He was born in Mannheim in 1943 and emigrated to Australia in 1956. Now he occupies himself outside the game as a milkman.

And with several Yugoslavians, Scots, English and a Hungarian in the team, the Australians must be the biggest cosmopolitan clique in the World Cup since the United States in 1950. Then, as every ancient English fan remembers, we lost 1-0 to the part-timers from the States. The USA side included Glasgow born captain and wing-half Eddie McIlvenny who had been given a free transfer by Wrexham, a left-half of German descent in Bahr and the scorer of that important goal—Joseph Gaetjens—a Haitian!

NEXT to West Germany the team who should feel at home despite being the other side of the Berlin Wall is East Germany.

They can claim to have beaten their more illustrious counterparts from the West in the one serious confrontation they have had together. That was going back to the 1972 Olympics when East Germany with their full strength team defeated the West Germans 3-2.

Uli Hoeness was the captain of the West German Olympic side on that occasion and he could be the only survivor of the conflict who will be in the West German side on the next occasion.

West Germany's pre-World Cup headache was knowing just how to cope with both Wolfgang Overath and Gunter Netzer in the same team together. They had never hit it off in midfield and though team manager Helmut Schoen managed to get Uwe Seeler and Gerd Muller to strike up a brilliant partnership both on and off the field in Mexico four years ago when all seemed against them, it has been different this time.

Overath has been off form and asked to be dropped and Netzer has not been available for many of the pre-World Cup internationals. In fact the Germans have been soldiering along without both of them—and not doing too bad either.

Perhaps the Overath-Netzer combination—the water and oil of the German game—will not even be tried as a mixture . . .

BRAZIL, the World Cup holders, have been playing a cut-down version of Agatha Christie's 10 Little Niggers. From the 1970 team the first casualty was Pele who announced his retirement in 1971 from international football.

Brito was the next to go, with *anno domini* and a lengthy suspension catching up with him. Everaldo faded away. Tostao's eye trouble flared up again and he had to pack it in, as did Gerson with a leg injury.

That left six but when training began in earnest in March this year goalkeeper Felix and right back and captain Carlos Alberto struggled in training and neither came through the vigorous tests which were prepared for the squad. With no sentiment, both of them were axed.

Now all that remains of the old side are midfield players Rivelino and Clodoaldo, striker Jairzinho and centre-back Wilson Piazza. And neither Clodoaldo, who has had fitness problems, or Piazza, who is also struggling, are sure to figure in the first choice side.

SCOTLAND will achieve World Cup history if they defeat Zaire in their opening match. Because they have never before won a game in the finals of the World Cup. Their previous two attempts in 1954 and 1958 ended in disaster.

In Switzerland they lost both games, 1-0 to Austria and 7-0 to Scotland, and four years later in Sweden were beaten 3-2 by Paraguay and 2-1 by France though they had started with a 1-1 draw with Yugoslavia.

The Scots also face Yugoslavia in this competition and cannot be viewing the prospect with any relish. And since Brazil have never lost to Scotland, all that the Scots might be able to salvage is a win over Zaire.

ZAIRE were the first country to arrive for pre-World Cup training matches in Europe. They did so early in May when they set up headquarters in Switzerland.

From there they planned several matches against European teams in order to allow their players to get accustomed to Western standards and styles.

Team Manager Blagoje Vidinic can claim to know more about different World Cup teams than anyone else because in 1970 he was at the helm of Morocco. And more important Yugoslavian born Vidinic who was an international goalkeeper has won the complete respect of his players—something never before achieved by any of his predecessors.

MILJAN MILJANIC upset many Yugoslavians when he decided to sign a contract with Real Madrid though the cheers from their World Cup qualifying play-off with Spain had scarcely died down.

In Communist Yugoslavia, Fascist Spain is not looked upon with much favour and for Miljanic to decide to look after himself quickly and out there went down badly at home.

There were moves to replace him as national team boss, but nobody in Yugoslavia has the same kind of connections as Miljanic. He h contacts in every one of the other 15 Wo Cup countries who have provided compl dossiers on players, styles and methods and he goes—so does the information!

HOLLAND's "overseer" Rinus Mich tried desperately to get hold of an ex cover centre-half to supplement Barry Hulsh in the back four of the Dutch team soon af his appointment. He thought the best man the job was Horst Blankenburg—a German.

And Blankenburg was preparing to take Dutch naturalisation papers in order to qual for the Netherlands, before FIFA ruled t he was unlikely to be able to play for Holla in the World Cup as he had won an Under cap for West Germany in 1969 against mania!

Michels was left with the problem and p sumably Blankenburg will become a Du citizen and unable to play for anyone . . .

URUGUAY's never ceasing team proble reared themselves when Atilio Anche their star defender in 1970, was not given p mission to join the side for training from Brazilian club.

Gremio Porto Alegre wanted too mu insurance money from the Uruguayans a that meant no place for Ancheta.

Instead Uruguay recalled the controver Luis Cubilla who had been omitted from party after failing to turn up for training; say that since the exiles were not due yet, th was no reason for him to make it either.

Cubilla who has frequently been at odds w officialdom in recent years played in the 19 and 1970 World Cup competitions but mis the 1966 series because he was playing for Argentinian club.

SWEDEN have an optimist in their capt and most capped player Bjorn Nordqv He reckons that in the eight years he has b in the national team they have never had a bet side.

In Mexico he acknowledges that their b forward was Ove Kindvall but now he s that with the instalment of Ralf Edstrom Roland Sandberg up front, they have th good reasons why they should score goals time.

Nordqvist also considers the defence midfield to be just as good as it was in Mexi But the overall impression that the Swedes far too inconsistent will take a lot of forgetti

BULGARIA have not done particularly since they qualified for the World Cup fin Results have been disappointing both at ho and on travel. Their biggest problem is that finding a regular scorer. Too much is left midfield schemer and captain Christo Boney.

Unless something unexpected happens in next few weeks, it looks bleak not only Bulgaria but more for their manager Chr Mladenov. He has only to look at the fate his three predecessors to understand.

UP DIARY...

cotland omen

The first was axed after the 1970 World Cup the next one was chopped when they failed to make progress in the European Championship and another followed after the Olympic failure.

THE body blow suffered by Poland when Wlodzimierz Lubanski was ruled out of the World Cup could in the end provide an extra spur for them.

Don't forget they managed to hold on at Wembley without Lubanski and indeed if they had had him with them then they could easily have won the game.

Team manager Kazimierz Gorski and his assistant Jacek Gmoch are two of the most conscientious coaches in the game and have taken great precaution to be aware of their other three group opponents as well as any others they might meet.

Gorski and Gmoch were watching England in their battles with Wales and it was here that they plotted the downfall of the 1966 World Cup winners. And they are not going to allow the absence of Lubanski to worry them overmuch in the weeks ahead.

ARGENTINA have only one player from the 1966 World Cup finals in their squad—centre back Roberto Perfumo. They have only one player, Miguel Brindisi, who has survived from their 1970 World Cup qualifying team but they do have someone who was discovered in 1964 and scored two goals in a 3-0 win over Brazil then.

He is 30 year old midfield player Roberto Telch who is making a come-back after some years in the Argentinian wilderness. Telch had only a handful of games after that but is now back in the reckoning and ready to sound a warning to the other contestants—especially Brazil if they meet.

ITALY can look to history for an omen for their hopes in the World Cup. The only other occasions that the World Cup has been held on the Continent of Europe—Italy have been the winners.

It happened first in 1934 when Italy were hosts and again in 1938 when Italy went to France to retain their title.

That was a long time ago, perhaps, but then in 1970 with a team which freely conceded goals in un-Italian-like manner they got to the final and now with a side which boasts a defence to have gone 1,000 minutes and more without letting a goal in, they must be confident.

FINALLY to Haiti, possibly the side with no chance of getting to the next stage and likely to finish without a point.

Only a handful of their players have had any experience playing in other Continents—notably midfield men Jean Claude Desir, Philippe Vorbe plus forwards Claude Barthelemy and the two Racines—all of whom have played in the United States in semi-professional and professional football.

WORLD CUP DIARY...

"WORLD Soccer" readers need not feel cut off from the 1974 World Cup Finals if they haven't got a seat at one of the nine stadia in West Germany. All you need is a radio set . . . with a shortwave band on it. The BBC World Service will be giving you worldwide coverage every match-day through "World Cup Soccer Special"—a programme introduced by Paddy Feeny.

"World Cup Soccer Special" will be broadcast three times at 2115 Greenwich Mean Time with repeats at 0530 and 0730 Greenwich Mean Time the following day. Commentary on a top match will be broadcast at 2115, with reports, news and interviews on all the other games.

Commentators well-known to regular listeners to World Service will be at the grounds—the widely-travelled and versatile Peter Jones, Liverpudlian Alan Parry, and the BBC Football Correspondent Bryon Butler, plus a special Scottish contingent of fast-talking David Francey, experienced Roy Small and journalist John Blair.

Bob Trevor, Editor of the popular "Sports Round Up", and Gordon Eastwood, will also provide the "World Cup Soccer Special" and the rest of the regular programmes ("Sport Midweek", "Saturday Special" and "Sportscall") with the widest and most thorough news service available to listeners around the world.

COMPETITION

BBC World Service is also giving listeners a chance to prove their footballing expertise with a special World Cup Competition. With five shortwave transistor radios as prizes, it's well-worth sending off a postcard or letter as soon as you can. All you have to do is to forecast the WINNER of the 1974 World Cup and THE SCORE IN THE FINAL (e.g. Brazil 3-1). So pop the details of your choice on a card and send it to:

Saturday Special World Cup Competition,
BBC World Service,
Bush House, London, W.C.2.
(Closing date: June 13th).

Don't forget there are five radios to be won.

Paddy Feeny (left) will be introducing "World Cup Soccer Special" under the guidance of Sports Programme Organiser, Alex Turnbull (right). Meanwhile, Roary Super Scot has his eyes on the futuristic World Cup—Tip and Tap, the special 1974 World Cup mascots feel on top of the world about the whole exciting event.

KEIR RADNEDGE traces the career

PROVEN MANY L

WHEN you don't get an invasion of the pitch it must mean that the referee did his job well enough."

That, believe it or not—and I would not blame you if you did not—was the comment made by Juan Carlos Lorenzo, manager of Atletico Madrid, after a recent Spanish league game.

The game, in fact, took place the Saturday before the Battle of Parkhead.

Yet after that holocaust—congratulations to Celtic incidentally for keeping their cool—Lorenzo's employer, Atletico president Vicente Calderon, expressed somewhat more stringent views about Dogan Babacan, Turkey's top referee.

"He allowed things to get out of hand. You did not see how our team could play because of this crazy referee. We are angry at his handling of the game."

So at least we all knew where we stood when it came to Vicente Calderon's views on what he considered a poor referee.

But who is this man Juan Carlos Lorenzo—a manager of ability, respected by his players, but with a strange turn of phrase and an unhappy penchant for running into controversy?

Lorenzo was born on October 27, 1926 of Spanish parents, in Buenos Aires. He was thus a contemporary of Alfredo di Stefano, Adolfo Pedernera, Amedeo Carrizo and a hundred other footballers still revered in Argentina, but whose names mean nothing elsewhere.

Professional

Football was—and remains, if not to the same extent—the one way kids from the shanty towns could abandon a permanent squalor for a transient success and taste of the good life.

Very few made (and make) the grade, but Lorenzo was one of those fortunate enough not only to be signed professional by a leading club, but prove a success. His rise was so phenomenal that his first club—Chacarita Juniors—could only hold him three months before he fulfilled what is the dream of thousands—to be signed by Boca Juniors.

There is a profusion of big football clubs in and around Buenos Aires, but two stand out above all others: River Plate and Boca. These are the deadliest rivals—vying for the best players, the most impressive facilities, and in the late 1940s it was River Plate who had the upper hand.

Their forward line, led by the young di Stefano, was nicknamed La Maquina—The Machine—and it mass produced goals in a way no Argentinian team had produced them before—or has since.

Even so Lorenzo, playing at centre forward for Boca, stole a few headlines and was among the first players to be snapped up by Italian clubs when the Argentinian players' strike and the Colombia experiment threw South American soccer into chaos in 1950.

Argentinian soccer, virtually bankrupt now, was living healthily at the end of the 1940s. But the reasons were that the players, though idolised, were not paid well and were bound by their club contracts in a slave labour situation.

The clubs dictated the wages and for years the players were merely grateful that they, unlike many of the thousands who packed the stadia to watch them, had regular employment. But the situation of unrest which was partly a symbol, partly a scourge, of the era which saw Peron to power, also brought the players a new awareness of the politics of the pitches.

The players formed a union, demanded more money and more control over the contracts. The clubs told them to get lost, so the players went on strike.

The club presidents were at first amused. The league championship went on with amateur players—and there were so many keen to obtain a regular meal ticket—that soon the strikers realised that they had ruled themselves out of Argentinian soccer entirely.

Not for long. In Colombia a group of wealthy business men had formed a small group of new professional clubs outside the jurisdiction of the Colombian FA, and therefore unfettered by FIFA rules, regulations and responsibilities. The Argentinian players' strike was a sensational stroke of luck. The Colombians could sign all the famous players they wanted from Buenos Aries without having to pay a peso in transfer fees.

Financial

The Buenos Aires clubs had thus lost not only players worth thousands of pounds (potentially) on the transfer market, they soon began to lose the *strikers' replacements* to Colombia as well.

And it was in this situation that the clubs were forced to sell as many players as they could as quickly as they could to Italy and Spain and France to keep Argentinian football on its financial feet. The strike had had its effect—but not in the way the strikers had anticipated.

Juan Carlos Lorenzo was among the first players to be sold to Italy—in the summer of 1950 the Sampdoria club of Genoa paid £70,000 for him.

Italian soccer was at this stage still in the trauma which followed the Superga air disaster of 1949 which had wiped out the entire first team squad of Torino—at that time about to win the league for the fifth successive season.

Torino had boasted ten full Italian internationals, a French international and a Czechoslovak international. The deaths took a lot of glamour out of the league and the heart out of the national team.

Desperately all the leading clubs raced round the world buying virtually anything that could kick. And, tragically, having lost the heart of the national team, signing so many foreigners as replacements, destroyed its soul too.

That, of course, is hardly the problem, we are concerned with here. But what Juan Carlos Lorenzo did learn during his two years in Italy was how to play football to avoid defeat.

Already Internazionale were coming to the fore with a reinforced defence relying upon both the outside and inside right dropping back permanently into midfield—at a time when the Austrians were still playing with the old attacking centre half!

Lorenzo left Genoa after two years for the pleasanter atmosphere of Nancy in France and in 1954 he went to Atletico Madrid where, in a turbulent three years, he was their top scorer before—at 31—obtaining his release to a minor Madrid club, Rayo Vallecano, to end his career.

Retired

And that might have been the last of him. Spain was only just entering the brief but glorious phase which saw transfer fees, wages and bonuses spiralling until even the Italians were put in the shade.

Many Spanish players, when they retired, returned to their original towns and villages, to their family shops, farm cottages or slums.

But Lorenzo had no home to which to return. He was a long way from Buenos Aires and all he knew was football. Mallorca, in the Spanish second division, offered him a chance as player-manager and he accepted.

He led them straight back to the first division. He came to England to study for an FA coaching certificate and went through the equivalent course in Spain. Proud of his qualifications he returned at last to Buenos Aires, took over San Lorenzo de Almagro and though they did not win anything together, Lorenzo's work was impressive enough for him to be offered the post of Argentinian national team manager for the 1962 World Cup in Chile.

The Argentinians, drawn in the same group as England, who beat them 3-1, failed to make the quarter finals and Lorenzo was predictably dismissed. But

of JUAN CARLOS LORENZO

ABILITY AT EVELS, BUT...

merely by taking Argentina through the Chile experience he had established his name internationally and was engaged by Lazio of Rome.

Lazio were then in the Italian second division, but Lorenzo took them back into the top flight and then took Roma to the Italian Cup. He would also earn a six-month touchline ban for "encouraging rough play and making menacing gestures" and was "in charge" when Arsenal and Lazio were involved in the banquet-cum-brawl which followed their notorious Fairs Cup tie.

Judgement

Violence was also rife during the 1966 World Cup, when Lorenzo—at short notice—found himself back in the saddle as team manager. The Argentinians, said Sir Alf Ramsey, had been acting like animals; the judgement gave football fans a new insult to hurl across the terraces.

Sir Alf's comments helped push soccer relations between Europe and Argentina to the verge of breaking point. But they also had the effect in South America of turning Juan Carlos Lorenzo into a hero.

His fault had been that he was unable to control his players; having stirred in them a realisation of the need to commit themselves wholeheartedly for the cause of Argentina, he had apparently been blinded to the need to ensure that his players knew that there was a time when the fighting had to stop and the football had to begin.

It was a tragedy that the fighting spilled over as it did; the Argentinians, to my mind, were by far the most talented team in the 1966 World Cup . . .

Back again to San Lorenzo went Juan Carlos, then to River Plate, and then yet again to San Lorenzo.

And this time, he took them to the Argentinian championship, for the first time in years, with a team of unknowns, young players who took River Plate, Boca, Estudiantes and all the rest totally by surprise. It seemed that Lorenzo had turned over a new leaf; that the angry disputes and controversies were a thing of the past.

Last summer Atletico Madrid, newly-enthroned Spanish champions, dismissed their Austrian manager Max Merkel after his scathing comments to a West German newspaper that he was fed up to the back teeth with Spain, with the Spanish way of life, with the Spanish way of football.

With superb timing the Spanish football federation simultaneously cleared the way for each club to engage two foreigners—after ten years maintaining a ban which only encouraged deceit and false identity declarations—and Atletico killed two birds with one stone.

As their new manager they brought in Juan Carlos Lorenzo, and as their new manager he brought in two of the stars from San Lorenzo—sweeper Ramon Armando Heredia, and a 22-year-old striker named Ruben Hugo Ayala. Atletico's Heredia is not to be confused with Juan Carlos Heredia, whom Barcelona signed as their second foreigner before the purchase of Cruyff became a possibility. With Peru's Hugo Sotil also on the books, Juan Carlos Heredia was released to Elche.

Yet Atletico, with Ayala continually upset by niggling injuries, made a bad start to the season. Even so, they might have been in the running to retain their title, had it not been for the advent of a special permit to bring in Johan Cruyff in mid-season.

All along, in any case, Atletico's main target this season had always been the Champions' Cup; the club still suffer under the inferiority complex stemming from the six victories in that competition of neighbours Real Madrid.

Ruthless

Under Lorenzo's guidance Atletico played with the accent on ruthless defensive football and it proved a pattern for remarkable success. Atletico beat Galatasaray 0-1 and 1-0; Dynamo Bucharest 2-0 and 2-2; and Red Star Belgrade 2-0 and 0-0. In each case the victory came *away* from home.

And so to the tie with Celtic.

At the end of March Atletico's general manager, Victor Martinez, saw Celtic held by Dunfermline. Spying on your opposition is very much the rule in European competition of course and so Atletico duly came under the gaze of Jock Stein on March 31.

Heredia scored a rare goal and Atletico won 2-1 in a game against Granada which prompted Stein to comment afterwards: "I have not seen Atletico since 1966 and I only saw five minutes of good football today."

The following Saturday—Atletico having obtained permission to bring their match against Murcia forward a day—Juan Carlos Lorenzo made no secret of the fact that the first leg with Celtic was the only match which concerned him. Only Benegas and Ovejero of the men who began the feud with Celtic faced Murica, though Parkhead substitutes Quique and Alberto played throughout.

Atletico lost 1-0, but no-one cared, though Lorenzo had some interesting answers to questions from the Press after the game.

What did you think of the match?—"What can I say?—Murcia scored one goal and defended well. Atletico played well but did not score. Therefore we lost."

The sarcasm was not lost on those present, and when rumours of a schism between Lorenzo and the players were put to him, he replied with an angry denial.

What did you think of the referee?—"When you don't get an invasion of the pitch it must mean that the referee did his job well enough".

Injuries

What about the injuries to Luis, Capon and Salcedo, with Glasgow in mind?—"They're very doubtful".

Lorenzo eventually took 17 players to Scotland, to the Normandy Hotel in Renfrew, and here those of my colleagues who were ignorant of the facts of Lorenzo's life came to understand what he means by discipline.

The players were forbidden any contact with the hotel's female staff, they had a floor of the hotel to themselves, their own dining room, drinking was banned, and those wives who made the trip were hidden away in separate rooms.

There seems little doubt that the players' emotions must have been at breaking point. Poor fellows, when they were released onto the Parkhead pitch, all they wanted was to "make contact" with other human beings . . .

Usually of course when there is a major fracas the first man to be blamed is the referee. And in this case, the choice of Dogan Babacan from Istanbul was a surprising one.

A clash between Scots and Spaniards with so much at stake was always likely to produce some trouble and Mr Babacan, though due to referee at the World Cup, is not the most experienced international referee one can think of.

●Continued on page 31

BRIAN GLANVILLE emphasises how i

the FIFA Presidential election v

ROUS STILL T BETTER CHOI

THE FIFA Presidential election, so soon to be with us, has taken on an almost alarming importance. Recent scandals, notably the attempt to bribe Francisco Lobo, Portuguese referee of last year's Derby County v Juventus semi-final of the European Cup, have emphasised the need for administrators who are above suspicion. This is not to impugn Rous' rival, Joao Havelange. He may well be the most honest man in the world, but little that he has done over the past year or so leads one to believe he has Rous' impregnable detachment. It is commonplace for those countries disciplined by FIFA, or unsuccessful in its competitions, to scream aloud that Rous has worked subtly against them. Never yet have they brought forward an atom of proof. The Russians, for example, inveighed against him when they were kicked out of the World Cup, for refusing to play their return play-off leg in Santiago. The reasons they adduced might have been more convincing had they not previously and happily agreed to have the first leg in Moscow; and failed to win it. Then and only then did we begin to hear all those heartfelt political protests, whose hypocrisy was as sickening as its cynicism. The present Chilean regime is cruel, barbaric and authoritarian. So is the Russian. In the cause of world football, we are obliged to grit our teeth and accommodate both countries . . . on the football field.

What FIFA did was merely to apply their own World Cup rules, as set down in the book. Before the Russians implement their petulant decision to vote for Havelange, and drag the satellite East European countries after them, let them think to what extent Havelange, with his strong South American orientation, genuinely has their interests at heart.

Previously, there was the matter of the 1966 World Cup semi-final, when Rous was accused of deliberately bending the rules to see that England played Portugal at Wembley, instead of at Everton. Yet when, researching my *Sunday Times History of the World Cup*, I went to FIFA headquarters in Zurich to consult the records, it was to discover that Rous, in committee, had voted for Everton . . . only to be overruled by the other members!

Effective

I am not trying to deify Rous, much though I admire him as an administrator. Indeed, the very fact of *being* an outstanding administrator implies certain human lacunae and compromises. Nor, despite his amazing stamina and durability, can it be pretended that at 78, Rous is as admirably effective as he was ten years earlier.

The fact remains that he is head and shoulders the best possible President we have, at a time when God knows we need the best possible. He insists that Havelange promised him he would not oppose him as long as he wanted to remain in office. In that case, why *is* Havelange opposing him? Has he broken his word, or can he convince us that no such promise was made? His public statements on the matter so far are not very reassuring. Far from denying such an undertaking, he has merely said that he was "persuaded" by his fellow South American administrators to stand.

One hears that he has made all sorts of overtures and offers to Rous; even to the extent that Rous (who cares nothing for the promise) would be "looked after" on his retirement. He has given away many presents, in many far flung countries. He has received many promises of support. But if he *is* eventually elected, do not be surprised to see FIFA disintegrate within a few years. Do not be astonished to see UEFA—that far from delectable body—go its own way. And do not, moreover, be surprised if the evident bad faith and maladministration in so much European and Latin American football ends by producing a new mood of splendid isolation in these islands.

In this context, I must return to the matter of the 1978 World Cup, scheduled to take place in Argentina. Scarcely had Wolff, the new captain of Argentina, assured my friend and colleague Hugh McIlvanney, in Buenos Aires, that Argentinian football had put 1966 and all that behind them, than we had Scandalous Sunday and the events of Celtic Park.

Dreadful

Scandalous Sunday was the name given to Easter Sunday by the Buenos Aires Press, after a dreadful chain of incidents at football matches in that city and Rosario. The worst three matches were those at Boca Juniors' notorious Bombanera, Atlanta and, in Rosario, Rosario Central. The worst of these three were those at the Bombanera, where with Rosario leading 1-0, a hail of bottles and stones put an end to the match, and continued when the fire force weighed in with hoses, the police with the familiar tear gas grenades.

In Glasgow, as we know, some of the worst offenders were Argentinian players such as the brilliant World Cup forward, Ruben Ayala, while behind it all was the notorious Juan Carlos Lorenzo, manager of the 1966 Argentinian World Cup team, and of the Lazio side which literally and physically attacked Arsenal in Rome after a Fairs Cup banquet. Lorenzo himself is said to have actually assaulted Bertie Mee; who acquitted himself superbly.

Prospect

The ominous statements by Vladislao Cap, the Argentinian team manager, suggest that his team may well come out fighting in West Germany; in which case they are likely to find foemen worthy of their steel in the Italians and the Poles. What would happen at their matches in Buenos Aires in 1978, were they to be unsuccessful, is a prospect that makes the blood run cold; though out there it would unquestionably run hot.

Today, moreover, I read a bulletin from Argentina which quotes a right wing Peronist newspaper, happy at the thought that a million Argentinians might die in civil war. Perhaps by 1978 Peron will long since have died and the almost inevitable civil war between his wildly various and warring followers

ow important on will be T HE I CE!

will have run its course. This must be FIFA's pious hope. Even so can there be any certainty that the supporters would behave and restrain themselves.

One of the few gleams of light in this wretched situation concerns the Argentinian football Press, which is very far from being biased and corrupt as the sporting Press in other Latin countries. I still remember warmly how, after the dreadful Estudiantes-Manchester United world club final match of 1968, the excellent weekly *El Grafico* encouraged me to write a strong article of protest, from the English side. I also remember how, in 1969, the daily paper *La Nacion* castigated the faults of Argentinian football.

Would that the Madrid Press had been remotely as objective after the Celtic-Atletico affair!

FIFA President Sir Stanley Rous.

Corrupt

Instead they showed an almost pathological blind bias, acting less as journalists than the most corrupt kind of propagandists. British journalists are far from perfect, but I like to think that in parallel circumstances—though it is quite hard to conceive them—a British team and its manager would be properly condemned.

Some of the Italian reactions to the expose of the Lobo Affair—or should one call it the Solti Affair—by Keith Botsford and myself, in the *Sunday Times*, were equally repugnant. *La Stampa Sera*, the Turin evening paper, which has a sports staff that should certainly know better, virtually accused us of conducting a vendetta, while the famous *Corriere Della Sera* shrieked of "a scandalous attack on Italian football." No, *signori*; we were merely attacking scandals.

Until the football Press of the world does its duty as journalists and honest men, rather than prostituting itself to the great local clubs, how can we hope to put an end to violence and corruption in the international game?

●Continued from page 29

The second culprit in such circumstances—if one can call an abstract idea a culprit—is "provocation". But there were some bad fouls so early as to make clear that there just wasn't time.

The chapter of incidents ran like this (it's worth recording):

Bookings: Ayala (7 mins), Diaz (9), Brogan (15), Deans (32), Benegas (52), Irureta (54), Melo (73), Alberto (78), Reina (84).

Expulsions Ayala (62), Diaz (63), Quique (81).

What is sad is that Ayala (as we have said) and Pandero Diaz are both Argentinians—indeed Diaz played against Celtic for Racing of Buenos Aires in the 1967 World Club Cup fiasco. And thus more heat is generated about so-called temperamental South Americans on the eve of a World Cup in which they are to take part.

Atletico also had several other Argentinians on the pitch—for example, Jose Eulogio Garate, the Spanish international centre forward, Heredia, and Iselin Santos Ovejero, the centre back.

Garate, Diaz and Overjero, as well as Paraguay's Domingo Benegas and reserve striker Heraldo Becerra—who was born in Sao Paulo (!)—count as Spaniards because of "parental qualification". It all sounds highly unlikely, but there you are.

Lorenzo might well contest one or two of the Parkhead bookings, but what I would contest—forgetting all the claims of right and wrong—is Babacan's decision to let the match run its full course. The end result was by far the worst holocaust European competition has brought to Britain.

There have been explosive scenes before. But never before in such an important match as the first leg of the semi finals of the European Champions' Cup. It's enough to make Gabriel Hanot turn over in his grave.

Meanwhile, back in Madrid, rumours run rife that Lorenzo's contract will not be renewed at the end of the season and it is one of soccer's saddest ironies that if he does go there will be a long, long queue of clubs bidding for his services. What are we all coming to?

CZECH PLAY REAL AMBIT

Dobias and Kuna feel like veterans though not yet 30

FOOTBALL in Czechoslovakia has been in poor health for some years. What has hidden this fact from the outside world for some time has been the achievements of one or two clubs who have risen above the general level of mediocrity. These clubs—Dukla in the early 1960's and later Spartak Trnava—have enabled their national team to qualify for the World Cup and only now does it seem likely that having failed in the 1974 competition will an overhaul really take place.

It was the same in England during the 1967-68 season. Everyone was still too excited about England's 1966 World Cup success to believe the few critical voices. Not until now, with England out of the World Cup, are people prepared to accept criticism.

England's problems are easier to overcome than those of the Czechs. In Czechoslovakia the problems are deep, involving the trainers (managers), the players and the organisation of the clubs. Above all the present generation of players seem to lack ambition. Having got into their club's first team they seem to be satisfied. They show no ambition to improve.

Critical

After the game against East Germany I had an interesting conversation with the Czech team manager Vaclav Jezek and some of his players. I was rather critical of Karol Dobias, who went on as a substitute late in the game, and his clubmate Lasidlav Kuna. For both Czechoslovakia and their club Spartak Trnava I had seen enough of both players to know that they could, and should, be amongst the best in Europe. Yet neither is now a regular choice even for Czechoslovakia.

Dobias accepted my criticism and put forward a very important point that should be noted by Trnava manager Anton Malatinsky. Though not yet 30, Dobias told me that he and Kuna feel like veterans. THEY HAVE NOT HAD MORE THAN TWO WEEKS BREAK FROM FOOTBALL IN FIVE YEARS.

It is not difficult to understand Malatinsky's viewpoint. Kuna and Dobias have been and could again be outstanding players. They are vitally important now that Trnava are rebuilding their side with young and inexperienced players. But they cannot be pushed too far.

Kuna and Dobias, it seems to me, have grown stale and lost their appetite for the game. They need a break after five years pressure to win the championship, the Czech Cup and do well in the European Cup. They are not too old to make a comeback and play an important part in rebuilding the Czech national team.

Malatinsky and the Trnava committee should send them off on a month's holiday with their wives at the club's expense. Let them get away from the game and let the manager do the worrying. That's what he's there for.

Players are human and they cannot be pushed too far. But many more Czech players, the vast majority it seems to me, are too easily satisfied. They get into the club's first team and because Vaclav Jezek has no outstanding stars at his disposal he has to give international caps to players who are quite ordinary.

The Czech national team gets ordinary results because the players are ordinary. But because they have played in the national team the players now think they are stars.

Right at the heart of the player problem in Czechoslovakia is their deep-rooted desire to train and play like amateurs but be paid like professionals. The top Czech players come into contact for club and country with stars like Netzer, Muller, Beckenbauer and Cruyff. They know how much money they are making. Worse, the Czechs really believe they are worth the same. By comparison they are not paid well but they don't realise that the vast majority of professional players in Western Europe do not make real money. In England, for example, the professionals in Divisions III and IV are only just making a living.

Workers

When the majority of English professionals come to the end of their career most of them have no experience in other jobs and become quite poorly paid ordinary workers. Very few make enough from the game to invest in businesses and live off the proceeds. By comparison the Czech players are well looked after when their playing days are over but they don't see it.

Czechs don't relate themselves to the players of Rochdale or Darlington though with their attitude to training and playing 90% would not last long in an English professional club. They relate themselves to Muller and Netzer—feeling they too should be given millions because they are stars.

It will probably surprise many of the current big names amongst Czech players that from what I saw I was most impressed by Zbrojovka Brno. The day I saw them—away to Sparta in Prague—they were occupying one of the relegation places. But the entire team looked as if they wanted to play and most important, EVERYBODY WORKED.

Brno were very good value for their 0-0 draw and apart from their fine attitude they had some talented players. The driving spirit came from the midfield where the international veteran Ivan Hrdlicka played with real enthusiasm and no little skill. He was always at the heart of the action, setting a very good example.

Hrdlicka was very capably assisted by Emil Hamar who displayed a high degree of skill and intelligence. Clearly he is much improved since his early days with Slavia. At the heart of this improvement must be a changed attitude towards the game.

Substitute

For sheer skill and technical ability three players in the Brno squad attracted my attention. Karel Kroupa, Jiri Hajsky and Jan Kopenec who came on as a substitute. Kroupa was intelligent and industrious but Hajsky looked a really exciting prospect remembering his 20 years. Kopenec showed a great deal of physical courage and determination when he came on. More than that he has the happy knack of screening the ball with his body and takes up good positions when he hasn't got possession. Given time, experience and hard work there seems to be no reason why Kroupa and Hajsky should not become international stars.

Sparta are a problem all their own. They are still living in the past with an influential committee that will not let the trainer run things. The best thing that could happen to Sparta would be a few years in Division II while they get themselves sorted out internally.

Manager Tadeus Kraus, may or may not

A YERS LACK BI TION

says ERIC BATTY after a visit to Prague

Milan Albrecht, left winger of Ostrava, playing a key part in the championship bid.

be a good trainer. From what I saw of his players either he has no ideas or is unable to get them across to the players. But knowing something of Sparta's problems I wouldn't be too critical of him. Even a genius would have a hard time at Sparta.

Sparta are very highly thought of, while Dukla and Slovan Bratislava have both taken up position at the top of the First Division table this season. The credit for the recovery of both clubs is due without doubt to their trainers Josef Masopust (Dukla) and Jozef Venglos (Slovan).

Masopust has an almost impossible task for now Dukla are unable to keep the best of their players. After Army service, the players return to their former club, yet the very nature of Dukla as an Army team makes them the ideal team on which to build a national side. Indeed when Dukla were strong so was the national team and they surprised many people by reaching the 1962 World Cup Final with a team that was built round Dukla.

Now, Zdenek Nehoda, Miroslav Gajdusek, Vaclav Samek and goalkeeper Ivo Viktor are the most effective parts of the Dukla team. Nehoda is quick, strong and hard-working but he lacks individual ability. The best all round player is Gajdusek who has a very useful left foot. But with a team that changes every two years Masopust has little chance of long term success.

Changes

Slovan had a more talented squad of players and Venglos appears to have won them all over to his way of thinking. Unfortunately—and this was something that seemed general amongst players and spectators, when things go wrong everyone looks to the trainers bench, expecting the boss to make one or two changes to the team through substitutes—and make it come right. Spectators clearly believe that trainers are some kind of magician while the players refuse to accept responsibility themselves.

This stood out to me at all the games I saw. Whenever a goal was scored the players looked at the boss. "What was he going to do?".

It should be clear to everyone that the manager chooses what he thinks is his best available team. If things go wrong, either through bad luck, mistakes by individuals or even a doubtful penalty award by the referee it is up to the players to sort things out. Sitting on the bench the trainer cannot win tackles or score goals . . . only the players can do that. But it seemed clear to me that the players will not accept their responsibilities.

One of the hall-marks of a good team is its ability to overcome difficulties and even to come through adversity to win on days when things go wrong. From what I saw there is not one team in Czechoslovakia who could do this. When things go wrong the players heads go down. They study their boots, they blame other players for mistakes and there is no fire in them, no desire as individuals to work harder, play better and inspire their colleagues to fight back.

Passing the responsibility to the trainers bench was in evidence at each of the games I saw but it stood out most in the Slovan Bratislava team, away to Slavia in Prague. Slovan had a good chance of winning the championship but the day before the match, manager Venglos was taken ill.

When things went wrong for Slovan, they stood, hands on hips looking at Venglos who was in considerable pain with a doctor sitting next to him passing drugs. May be Venglos has lifted his team before in similar circumstances but he was not capable of doing it against Slavia. The players left to themselves just surrendered without a fight. They were beaten 5-1 by a Slavia team that had one or two good individual players but were far from being an outstanding team.

Perhaps the best remedy for this terrible attitude displayed by Czech players would be to let them play abroad with professionals. They would soon realise what the game is about. No matter how much skill a player may have, he will only succeed if he has character and the will to win. A month in England, playing for Liverpool would frighten 90% of Czech players. The secret behind Liverpool's long run amongst the top teams is Shankly's recipe for football. He takes quite ordinary players and MAKES THEM WORK.

Behind the scenes the Czechs have administrative problems too. Some of their regulations are unique. For example at the start of each season every Division I club has to name 20 players. None of them can play in the reserves! On top of that any reserve player who plays five times in the First Division is also barred from reserve football.

This means that as many as 14 or 15 players—minimum nine simply cannot play each week. Only 11 out of the 20 can make up the first team. The reason is that Czech reserve teams play in Divisions II and III against small town teams. These other Division II and III clubs want success and presumably they vote to keep the stars out of matches against their clubs.

Too many players are kept out of the game in this way. They can only train and watch, or at best, get a few minutes play as a substitute. Clearly the answer is a new competition for Reserve teams, perhaps on a regional basis based on two centres, Prague and Bratislava. Clubs in Divisions I and II could make up this new competition, with every player eligible to play. This is perfectly normal in all other countries. Players cannot improve by not playing.

Finally, in spite of many conferences, lectures by top foreign coaches and much thought it seems clear from what I saw that like the Soviet Union, the Czechs are without a playing system. They have rejected the *Ceska Ulicka* and now have nothing.

World Soccer's Scottish correspondent ALEX GORDON reports from Glasgow

Celtic earn their respect

THE smile on the face of the monster was an ugly, grotesque mask. Atletico Madrid, obviously firm believers that the end justifies the means, took a shameless bow after beating Celtic 2-0 in the second leg of their European Cup semi-final match in the Vincente Calderon Stadium.

In doing so this lumbering, spineless monster gave hope to clubs throughout the world who know they cannot possibly compete against other teams on a talent basis. The first-leg shambles at Parkhead that ended 0-0 on the scoreline, but three sent-off and nine booked on the crime count, was a diabolical plot against soccer.

Wild allegations by the Spanish Press after the match that Celtic had "bought" the Turkish referee were just as crazy as the display of thuggery by the Argentinian-laden Spanish champions on the field. The fans who saw this game were convinced Atletico must have been given a licence to kick by their temperamental Latin manager Juan Carlos Lorenzo. I surely don't have to remind you that Mr. Lorenzo was the boss of Argentina in the 1966 World Cup and their rough-house tactics so incensed Sir Alf Ramsey that he was forced to call them "animals".

Spectacle

The 75,000 fans turned up at Parkhead expecting to see a soccer spectacle . . . a European Cup match full of action, excitement and entertainment. They left completely speechless at Atletico's blatant sweeping aside of the rules of the game.

The Celtic support is made up of an awful lot of men who could more than hold their own if violence was the order of the day. A lot of them have been brought up in Glasgow slums. They know the score. But they were still shocked by Atletico. There can be no doubt about that!

There was absolutely no crowd trouble at Celtic Park, but one wonders what might have happened had Atletico tried this sort of kick-everything-above-grass tactic in a more volatile country. It could have developed into a full-scale riot. And Lorenzo and his highly-paid henchmen would have been to blame.

UEFA read the reports from both clubs and saw film clips from the match, but they still weren't courageous enough to make a bold decision . . . a correct decision. That, to my mind and a lot of others throughout the world, I'm sure, would have been to throw Atletico out of Europe for at least two years. They banned Rangers for two years—later cut to one year on appeal—two seasons ago. On that occasion it wasn't the fault of the Ibrox players. It was solely because of their fans.

Crucial

Rangers suffered for men they really can't have a grip over. Atletico didn't suffer for men they control. Sure Atletico got a don't-you-do-that-again clip on the ear, but at such an important, crucial stage in our soccer can we allow this sort of inadequate action to be passed?

The World Cup draws closer and already there have been words of warning from some of the South American countries. Uruguay have already admitted they will try to "intimidate the opposition". Argentina are preparing for a "rough, tough World Cup. To be ready for anything."

If the World Cup turns into a paradise for hackers then UEFA must take their share of the blame. They had the ideal opportunity to take stern steps in the anti-violence campaign, but they fell down on the job. There is really no other way I can put it.

In the Atletico situation they should at least have ordered them to play the second leg on a neutral ground. Their disgusting, disgraceful antics at Parkhead nullified any ground advantage Celtic had. Play was stopped almost every five seconds, time was wasted at every opportunity and the Parkhead players—and remember they ARE only human—must have been scared stiff at some of the crunching tackles that were being launched from every angle.

The treatment to Jimmy Johnstone was sickening. The wee winger's legs were a mass of bruises and cuts after that match. And there was one tackle in the second-half that wasn't too far away from crippling him. He was kicked, belted, tripped and spat upon all the way through. Is this soccer, Mr. Lorenzo?

Billy McNeill won't admit it—he's far too diplomatic—but he, too, was spat upon right at the start of the Parkhead match. Other players—Kenny Dalglish and Davie Hay in particular—received similar treatment. Is this soccer, Mr. Lorenzo?

We all know the answers. We must stop this disease from spreading throughout the game. Lorenzo played men at Parkhead whom he knew wouldn't play in the second-leg.

Regular

Some Spanish journalists later admitted that Lorenzo was deliberately using men in this game that he would have no need for in most other matches. Left-back Diaz, for instance, isn't the regular man in this position, but he was brought into the team for the first-leg and we can't be in any doubt as to the orders he received. He hammered into Johnstone right from the start and was eventually ordered off.

He was automatically banned from the second-leg. But he wouldn't have played, anyway! The Atletico team that played in the second leg was without six banned players. That may seem like an amazing amount of first-team men to be without, but the truth is the men Celtic faced in that

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Jimmy Johnstone goes past Dundee United substitute Andy Holland during the Scottish Cup Final which Celtic won 2-0.

game were ten of the best on Atletico's books.

Argentinian attacker Roberto Ayala was the exception . . . obviously his ordering-off at Parkhead wasn't planned! Mr. Lorenzo apparently does not have a high regard for soccer morals. Fred Bloggs, that well-known manager of Bashem Rovers, could quite easily imitate the ideas of Mr. Lorenzo. When playing a difficult two-legged tie he could go to the away leg and play a side of: Thug: Kick, Punch, Spit, Hatchet; Bludgeon, Belt, Hammer; Thump, Gouge and Axe. The substitutes, of course, would be that dependable duo of Crunch and Whack.

And what happens? They return for the second-leg after a goal-less draw of non-football. Five of their players were sent-off and nine were booked, but by that stage the opposition was even too frightened to take two consecutive kicks at the ball in fear of being launched over the stand.

Bloggs and Bashem get their knuckles rapped by the soccer bosses after their rough display and nine of their players are ordered to miss the return. So in this leg Bloggs pulls out his secret weapon . . . his REAL team! He had us fooled all the time! They win by a couple of goals and go through to the next round. A victory for soccer? I think not.

Talents

The warnings are there. If a team such as Atletico can play the way they did at Celtic Park and get away with it, soccer will die. We can forget about seeing the magic of Real Madrid, Benfica, Ajax and so on. Their obvious talents will be churned up by the monster and spat out into a grave.

The problem has reached such a peak that there is more than just a whisper that some Scottish clubs are considering withdrawing from European competition. Obviously the likes of Celtic, Rangers, Hibs etc. wouldn't particularly like this to happen, but there are Scottish clubs who would gladly drop out of Europe and play in something like a well-organised British Cup. In some cases the clubs would actually earn more revenue that way.

I hope I never see the day when Scottish clubs boycott Europe. I believe it is good for our soccer to advertise throughout Europe and the world with tremendous displays in this sphere. Celtic, for instance, have been superb ambassadors in the European Cup over the past eight seasons. Their splendid attacking performances have brought gasps of delight from neutral fans and this has helped Celtic as well as Scotland in general.

Bitterness

And, Mr. Lorenzo, take note, Celtic have earned this respect the proper way. They have had only one player ordered off in eight years in the European Cup and that was Bobby Murdoch. His offence? Kicking the ball away at a free-kick!

The assassins of Atletico won't be forgotten in a hurry. There is bitterness in Scotland just now at the way they abused soccer and got away with it. Celtic's efforts to win a place in the European Cup Final for the third time in seven years were buried under a pile of rubbish.

What a shame it is a team from Madrid who had to leave the fans with such cruel feelings and agonising memories. Up until the Parkhead first leg fiasco Madrid had always thrown up visions of the legendary Real with Di Stefano gliding through the centre, Gento sweeping magnificently down the left wing, Puskas and his lethal shooting power, the towering defensive work of Santamaria and the spectacular reactions of goalkeeper Dominguez.

One giant ugly, clumsy foot has now trodden these cherished memories well and truly into the dirt.

Chelmsford apply

●Continued from page 24

candidates for a League place at that time. There are some Football League clubs who have not forgiven City for their snap signing of several costly transfer-listed players by taking advantage of a legal loophole subsequently tightened. But surely it is all wrong for them to be penalised in retrospect when there was no law against what they did when they actually did it!

Nevertheless, legislation then scotched Chelmsford hopes of a League place for five years. In the circumstances, they have done well to keep the pot boiling all this time. Some of the locals have become rather disillusioned waiting for the great day to come when those gates are opened but a hard core of support remains faithful to the cause.

This year the fight has been conducted more urgently, more professionally than ever before. All the top League clubs have been courted, an impressive brochure prepared, conducted tours arranged. Officials, legislators, national press have all been invited to see for themselves what is going on at Chelmsford. It's lively and interesting. The playing record and the administrative set-up makes those of some of the League strugglers look sick.

Is the time right—and can Chelmsford City substantiate their claims that they would grace the Football League?

Be sure of one thing. Like the Oxfords and the Herefords before them, the opportunity is what they are seeking.

Chance, as they say, would be a fine thing.

West Germany

Uli Hoeness of West Germany.

from

ARTHUR ROTMIL

WEST GERMANY'S final test before the World Cup series was crowned with success, when the national team defeated Sweden by 2-0 in Hamburg. Before a crowd of 52,000 at the Volkspark-Stadion it was Jupp Heynckes of Borussia Mönchengladbach who hit both goals in the second half. And Heynckes only came on as substitute for the injured Erwin Kremers in the 26th minute.

Later Heynckes himself limped off to be replaced by Bonhof with twelve minutes left. But the most closely scrutinised figure on the field was Germany's famous schemer Günter Netzer, who was playing only his fourth international since the national team won the European Championship two years ago.

Organiser

Netzer's recurrent injuries and his move to Real Madrid have had a profound effect on his physical fitness, as well as his overall form. This was not the player hailed as the greatest midfield organiser in the world. He was unlucky in that the Swedes had proved much tougher opponents than, for example, the Hungarians in the previous international, in which the German forwards were able to display the whole range of their attacking skills.

Manager Helmut Schön too, recognises the problem and he said after the match: "Günter Netzer did not have it easy today, but we all hope that by the time of the World Cup he will regain his physical strength and get some much needed match practice, which he so obviously lacked today."

And so, after all the controversy over the composition of the midfield, after the endless arguments whether to play Netzer, or Overath, or both, the Germans have now reached the paradoxical situation, whereby it might be better to leave both "generals" out, and at least start the World Cup campaign with the trio of Hoeness, Wimmer, Cullmann or Hölzenbein, who in the matches v. Scotland and Hungary launched fast incisive attacks and kept the opposition under constant pressure. A tactic, which in view of Netzer or Overath's different and rather slower methods of build up cannot be successfully executed.

Trial

The penultimate trial of the side a fortnight earlier, brought a resounding 5-0 triumph over Hungary. This match inaugurated the brand new "Westfalen-Stadion" in Dortmund, the last ground to be completed in readiness for the World Cup. Before a capacity crowd of 54,000, the Germans inflicted on Hungary their heaviest defeat for 44 years!

The match confirmed the strength-in-depth of the German squad. For after Wimmer gave them the lead in the 10th minute,

SWISS SIDE SUF

THE ambitious task of rebuilding and rejuvenating the Swiss national side which manager Rene Hüssy has set himself, got off to a disappointing start. In the first international of the year Switzerland lost to Belgium by 0-1, on their own ground at the Charmilles-stadium in Geneva.

Hüssy made six changes from the side which in its last game slumped by 0-2 to Turkey in a World Cup qualifying match. And he was bold enough to give new caps to central defender Rolf Bollmann (Winterthur) and midfielder Ruedi Schneeberger (St. Gallen). But once again, the inability to convert scoring chances has foiled the efforts of the Swiss, who had more of the game, at least until that fatal 62nd minute, when Belgium's débutant Vanherp celebrated his selection by hitting the winner. In the final analysis Belgium's victory was deserved.

The Swiss have now scored just six goals in their last twelve internationals and clearly, unless they discover some forwards with the finishing touch, they will make no impact on the European Championship, which is due to start in the autumn. Switzerland are grouped with Russia, Turkey and the Republic of Ireland.

Hüssy's attempt to reshape the side was generally welcomed by the experts here. Eyebrows were raised, however, at the omission of the famous Karl Odermatt, the captain, whose distinguished international career seems to be nearing its end. In his place Köbi Kuhn, his trusted and for so long faithful partner led the team.

Next assignment is the match against World Cup qualifiers Sweden, on June 9, at Goeteborg. There is little doubt, that further changes will be made, particularly in attack. But where is Hüssy going to find new strikers? The man who is currently the League's top scorer, Walter Müller (Lausanne), is 32 years old, and hardly worth considering as a prospect for the future.

Of those who played against the Belgians, "Kudi" Müller, who performs with modest distinction for Hertha Berlin in the German *Bundesliga*, has failed to confirm his early promise, except that he has become physically stronger. The fairly raw Pfister and the inconsistent Jeandupeux are also lacking that little extra class demanded at the higher international level. This was incidentally Switzerland's first home defeat for two-and-a-half years, since England won by 3-2 in Basel in October 1971.

Domestic

On the domestic scene the first trophy of the season was claimed on Easter Monday. It was the SFV-Cup won by FC Sion, who defeated Neuchatel Xamax by 3-2 before a crowd of 30,000 at the Wankdorf-stadium in Berne. As I already reported in the previous issue of WORLD SOCCER, neither team had won its two-

win test

manager Schön brought on Bonhof for Schwarzenbeck and Hölzenbein for Wimmer at half time. And it was then that the hosts stormed forward decisively and even a further substitution of Hoeness with Flohe did nothing to upset their rhythm. Goals by Hölzenbein, Erwin Kremers and Gerd Müller (2) clinched their highest win since Mexico were beaten by the same score in September 1971.

Crown

Thus the West Germans have completed their international programme before the battles for the world crown begin here on June 13. The long trek since the European title in 1972 was often troublesome, as injuries and loss of form have frequently played havoc with Schön's selections. In fact, only once were the Germans able to field the full team which won the European title: 30 players were tried out in those two years since, and only Beckenbauer took part in every game! "Kaiser Franz" is incidentally the only player who has performed in all 35 internationals since the Mexico World Cup in 1970!

The successes of the national team are of course a reflection of the fine form displayed recently by the champion club Bayern Munich, who provide the bulk of the national side with Maier, Schwarzenbeck, Beckenbauer, Breitner, Hoeness and Müller.

In addition, Kapellmann and Roth are also in the squad of 40 nominated for the World Cup party, whilst Conny Torstensson is in the Swedish national side. Bayern locked in a dramatic struggle with Borussia Mönchengladbach to retain the title, had reasons to celebrate on another front: They became the first German team since Eintracht Frankfurt (1960) to reach the final of the European Cup and indeed the first *Bundesliga* champions to get that far.

Bayern had problems in the earlier rounds with Atvidaberg of Sweden (from whom they bought Torstensson!), and with Dynamo Dresden. But they overcame CSKA Sofia and Ujpest Dozsa brilliantly, before facing Atletico Madrid in the final in Brussels.

But there was disappointment for the Bavarians in losing to Eintracht Frankfurt in the semi-final of the DFB-Cup by 2-3. After Bayern led 2-1 and Sepp Maier magnificently saved a penalty kick from Grabowski, the Frankfurters equalised and were then awarded a highly controversial penalty in the last seconds of the match, which Jürgen Kalb converted.

Comments

Several Bayern players, including the captain Franz Beckenbauer, made some caustic comments about the referees in general and the Football Federation in particular, in the heat of the moment, which has caused an albeit temporary uproar throughout the country.

There was little joy for the other two German teams who had also reached the European semi-finals. VfB Stuttgart bowed out in the UEFA-Cup to Feyenoord Rotterdam on the narrow aggregate of 3-4, while a depleted Borussia Mönchengladbach failed to overcome AC Milan losing overall by 1-2. The absence of the injured Heynckes, Danner and Jensen, plus the not eligible Wittkamp proved too much for the Gladbacher.

Gerd Muller of West Germany.

FERS SET-BACK

Report from ARTHUR ROTMIL

legged semi-final tie, but qualified by virtue of away goals counting double! Curiously enough, both clubs are managed by Yugoslavs. Law Mantula who leads Neuchatel was previously coaching the FC Sion (!), whilst winning a cup medal with them in 1965! In addition, goalkeeper Biaggi and the strikers Mathez and Elsig were formerly also with Sion.

In the final Sion led at half time already by 3-0. The first goal was scored from a penalty by the famous German Otto Luttrop, who left Lugano recently and who played earlier for 1860 Munich in the final of the Cup Winner's Cup against West Ham at Wembley in 1965. Barberis and Pillett hit further goals for Sion, whilst Neuchatel's fight back allowed them merely to reduce the arrears through Elsig and Mathez.

The 35-year-old Luttrop, nicknamed "Atom-Otto", because of his powerful shooting, has now spent eight years in Switzerland. And to think that he only regarded his first club here, the FC Lugano, just as a transit station in order to learn the Italian language on his way to the financial riches of Italian football! But alas, Italy then closed its frontiers to foreign mercenaries, and so "Atom-Otto" was stranded in Switzerland. Now he intends to move on when his contract with Sion expires at the end of the season.

In the championship the runaway leaders FC Zürich suffered their first defeat of the season . . . at the hands of the newly fêted cup holders Sion who triumphed by 2-1. But Zürich led the table at the beginning of May by eight points, after slamming the title holders Basel at home by 5-1!

Concede

It was Zürich's first home success over Basel for nearly eight years. Before a capacity crowd of 26,000 at Zürich's Letzigrund stadium, Basel were a trifle unlucky to concede an own goal through Fischli, but made up for it with a rather dubious penalty award which Hitzfield converted. After the interval, however, Zürich put on the pressure on the champions and won convincingly with goals from Katic (2), Martinelli and Jeandupeux. The champions thus suffered their heaviest setback for nearly six years, since losing to Lausanne by 0-5 in 1968.

The Zürich-Basel clash was a fine advertisement for Swiss football and proved that even these part-timers handicapped as they are by full time civilian occupation and by the periodical military service, are nonetheless capable of producing attractive, exciting football to satisfy even the discriminate customers. A pity that these qualities are not more often evident in international matches, though it must be remembered that comparisons with countries where professional soccer is installed cannot be entirely fair.

Leading goalscorers: Müller (Lausanne) 19; Elsig (Neuchatel) 15; Jeandupeux (Zürich) 12.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

Brazil bars cup men from league

CHILE—It is curious that while Chile had one of its best international seasons in 1973—champions Colo Colo reached the South American Club Championship final and should have won it while the national team qualified for the World Cup finals—the local First Division championship was one of the poorest of recent times.

The country's political upheavals had something to do with it as the league championship had to be suspended a couple of times and the general nervousness affected the players.

The standard of play was poor, but Union Española were worthy champions—by eight points—because they were the least erratic. They know how to score a goal and defend with an experienced rear guard such as goalkeepers Olivares and Vallejos, Arias, Berly, Machuca, halves Toro and Viveros. They also provided the season's top scorer—Guillermo Yavar.

The previous year's champions, Colo Colo, may have looked better and could have retained the title if they hadn't lost form for a couple of months as a result of soccer saturation and the sale of their best forward, Carlos Caszelly, to Spain.

Most surprising was the even lower standard of the two University teams—Universidad de Chile and Universidad Catolica—who are generally up among the leaders. In the end Catolica finished bottom and were relegated.

Outstanding players in a poor season were defenders Gonzalez (Colo) and Arias (U. Española), halves Valdez and Galindo (Colo), forwards Yavar (U. Española), Socias (Univ. de Chile) and Orellana (Temuco).

WITHIN a couple of weeks of the Brazilian national championship of 1973 finishing on February 23, 1974, the 1974 championship started with some interesting innovations—apart from the fact that World Cup players were not allowed to play for their clubs.

The 40 participating are divided into two sections of 20 clubs playing each other once in the first stage—but 20 of the 24 clubs going into the semi-final stage were to be chosen not on points obtained, but on "technical proficiency".

The semi final stage—played in four sections of six clubs playing each other once—would be completed by the two clubs obtaining most points and the two obtaining the best gates during the first stage (outside the above mentioned 20 chosen on proficiency).

The four section winners (on points) will meet each other once for the title. There will also be cash prizes for the team getting most wins, most goals and the best disciplinary record.

Six players

Palmeiras of Sao Paulo, champions for the last two years, are hardest hit with six players—goalkeeper Leao, Luiz Pereira, Alfredo Mostarda, Ademir Da Guia, Leivinha, Cesar—in the national team, but otherwise only Madurga (back in Argentina) and Milton (transferred to Mexico) were absent from the 1973 squad, while defender Arouca had been bought from Portuguesa.

This is the fourth Brazilian national championship and one player—Palmeiras right winger Ronaldo—has won them all so far. He played for Atletico Mineiro, the first champions, in 1971. Forerunners of the championship—the Rio-Sao Paulo tournament from 1950 to 1966 and the Silver Cup from 1967 to 1970—did not comprise the whole of this vast country. An idea of distances can be obtained by the fact that Palmeiras travelled 30,000 kilometres to play in the 1973 championship when they won 25, drew 12 and lost only three of their 40 games with a 52-13 goal average.

The 1973 championship was very defence minded. There was some improvement on the first day of this one—48 goals in 20 games, Palmeiras beat Santa Cruz 4-3 and there was only one of the frequent 0-0 results.

Two goals

ARGENTINA'S most popular clubs, Boca Juniors and River Plate, have problems.

Boca Juniors, after going undefeated through the first seven games in the Metropolitan First Division, scoring 25 goals in the process and bringing praises from fans and critics who were already hailing them as champions, went on to lose the next five games during which the managed to score only another two goals.

The slide started against modest FC Oeste who scored an early goal, bunched their defence, harassed Boca off the ball and—it must be admitted—had some luck to hold on to their 1-0 win.

Pernia's early sending off in the next match didn't help Boca either and nerves took over, the rhythm was lost, the players forgot their flowing football, resorted to harder play and went to pieces. Even coach Rogelio Dominguez couldn't explain it.

The fifth defeat—by 1-0 at home to Newell's Old Boys—was too much. Boca's vociferous fans—often called "Boca's 12th player"—couldn't take it any more, threw stones and other objects at the Newell's goalkeeper and the match was suspended seven minutes from the end.

Boca's loss of form left no outstanding team in the championship and more

Union Espanola . . . champions of Chile. Standing left to right: Angulo, Viveros, Berly, Arias, Machuco, Olivares. Kneeling: Toro, Farias, Ianda Yavar, Henry.

quality went out on April 14th—last day on which Argentina's World Cup players were allowed to play for their clubs.

River Plate's problem is the old recurring one of players dissatisfied over financial arrangements — although the club pays the highest wages all round and punctually. Goalkeeper Fillol, Alonso, Merlo and Di Meola did not turn up to play in Rosario and were promptly suspended for two months. River Plate lost 1-0 to Rosario Central—with whom they had been sharing the lead in Section A—so once again (as in last season's title play-offs) it looked as if internal squabbles were going to spoil the popular club's title chances.

Mediocre

But even before that River Plate never rose above the mediocrity of the championship with weaknesses in defence (20 goals against in 12 games) which seemed to affect the whole team. With the absence of international players—four from Independiente, two from River Plate, three from Huracan, four from San Lorenzo, two from Boca Juniors, two from Estudiantes, one from Rosario, two from Racing, one from Newell's, one from Atlanta for the moment—the standard will go down again.

But goals are coming at the rate of 3.43 per game and excitement runs high as erratic teams quickly move up and down the table with only four points separating the top six in Section A and the top five in Section B.

So what more do the fans want? Some do want to see good soccer too, but the recent Boca-River meeting produced an all-time record league gate of £40,000.

Four reach semi-finals

PENAROL (Uruguay), Huracan (Argentina), Defensor Lima (Peru) and Millionarios (Colombia) have won their respective groups to reach the semi-final stage of the South American Club Championship—the Libertadores Cup—where they will be joined by cup holders Independiente of Argentina who had a bye.

The semi finals will be played in August—when teams are back from the World Cup — in two groups of three teams each playing each other (home and away) for points.

One more team has to qualify from Group 2 which started late and in which the Brazilian champions and vice-champions—Palmeiras and Sao Paulo respectively—face their opposite numbers from Bolivia (Jorge Wilsterman and Municipal). The Brazilian teams are playing without their World Cup men and Palmeiras, who are particularly hard hit with six players away, have already lost two games and look as if they are not going to make it to the semi finals.

Group 1 ended in a tie between the two Argentine teams—Huracan and Rosario Central—who easily outplayed Chile's Colo Colo and Union Espanola and then beat each other. But the play-off was something of an anti-climax.

Rosario had a man sent off in the first minute and that changed their tactics and the game—yet the four-nil win for Huracan doesn't tell the story. In spite of Rosario's inferior numbers the game was even, but Huracan scored three goals in the last 10 minutes—two from mastermind Brindisi—which no team could have stopped.

CHILE
First Division (final) 1973

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Union Espanola	34	22	11	1	72	35	55
Colo Colo	34	18	11	5	63	43	47
Huachipato	34	17	9	8	52	28	43
O'Higgins	34	14	15	5	50	33	43
Concepcion	34	14	9	11	49	35	37
Magallanes	34	12	13	9	51	44	37
Green Cross	34	15	7	12	47	45	37
La Serena	34	13	10	11	43	33	36
Antofagasta	34	12	10	12	47	46	34
Union Calera	34	14	6	14	38	46	34
Rangers	34	11	7	16	51	57	29
Wanderers	34	10	9	15	50	61	29
Universidad de Chile	34	10	8	16	54	64	28
Lota Schwager	34	8	11	15	34	41	27
Palestino	34	8	10	16	37	58	26
Naval	34	7	11	16	30	53	25
San Felipe	34	10	4	20	45	72	24
Universidad Catolica	34	5	11	18	43	62	21

ARGENTINA
Metropolitan First Division
Section A

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rosario Central	12	7	2	3	25	19	16
River Plate	12	6	2	4	27	20	14
Atlanta	12	4	6	2	24	21	14
Racing Club	12	6	1	5	20	22	13
Huracan	12	4	4	4	22	21	12
All Boys	12	3	6	3	17	16	12
Gim' y Esgri' de La Plat'	12	4	3	5	21	21	11
Velez Sarsfield	12	3	2	7	15	22	8
Banfield	12	1	4	7	15	24	6

Section B

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Colon de Santa Fe	12	7	3	2	24	22	17
Newell's Old Boys (Ros)	12	6	4	2	23	18	16
Independiente	12	5	5	2	27	15	15
Ferro Carril Oeste	12	4	6	2	14	12	14
Boca Juniors	12	6	1	5	27	17	13
Argentinos Junior	12	4	3	5	26	29	11
Estudiantes de La Plata	12	3	2	7	11	19	8
Chacarita Juniors	12	1	4	7	16	30	6

UEFA ACT QUICKLY

KEIR RADNEDGE looks back over a history of European strife

UEFA, as we have all long been aware, work in mysterious ways, but the interim judgment on Atletico Madrid—suspensions of Ayala, Diaz, Quique, Ovejero, Melo and Alberto for one game—was one of the most diplomatic of all.

In the wake of that decision, and the warning to Atletico that they had better behave in the return, many people said privately that UEFA might have done better merely to have suspended the players sent off, and left a full disciplinary hearing until the summer.

No way.

UEFA had to act, had to be seen to act, but on the other hand were well aware that the ultimate sanction of expelling Atletico from the competition would have raised all sorts of protests.

Already a Latin storm is brewing up over whether the team which finishes runners-up to Lazio, likely winners of the Italian League, can compete in the Champions' Cup next season.

The question now after the suspensions is: Will this have a deterrent effect generally on those who might step beyond the traces in European competition?

Long term

Only in the long term will it be possible to see whether the instant judgement on Atletico has made any real contribution towards cleaning up European international club soccer.

Still, in the light of that judgement I see no reason to alter the match report introduction which I put together on the night of Wednesday, April 10.

"Three players were sent off and nine booked (at Parkhead tonight) on the most atrocious night of European anti-soccer yet seen in Britain."

As I wrote those words I could only think of a few major European fracas of the previous 20 years—and none compared with the heinous events of a few minutes before.

But there was always the chance that there had been a worse balance sheet after a European clash, and the following day I found the details.

The furore broke out five minutes from the end, and Herr Malka reckoned discretion the better part of valour and declared the match abandoned.

Would that Dogan Babacan had taken a similar decision at Parkhead.

Later that same season another European tie finished earlier than expected—and, as in this latest case, it was a Champions' Cup semi-final.

The contestants were Rapid Vienna and Benfica in Vienna's Prater stadium. The score was 1-1 with a few minutes to go. The Austrians grew upset because their chance of reaching the final had virtually gone, and bad temper on the pitch inspired a riot among the fans.

Referee Reg Leafe abandoned the match with a few minutes remaining, but since Benfica were the overall winners and the trouble had been started by Austrian fans, the result was allowed to stand.

Rapid were penalised however. UEFA decreed that if they qualified for European competition in the following three seasons their home tie in the first round should be played on a neutral ground.

It was a harsh decision for those days . . .

Benfica went on to win the final, beating our old friends Barcelona. Clearly, the Spaniards had bitten off much more than they could chew that season.

The Fairs Cup was a major stamping ground for the devil of violence.

In 1965-6 came two separate outbreaks which caused many observers to ask—as everyone is asking now—just when would UEFA impose a strict code of discipline on clubs, players and fans?

First leg

In Rome, Chelsea players were pelted with rubbish . . . and AS Roma were banned from the competition for three years and fined £500. Yet strangely there were no real sanctions for Valencia or Leeds after a first leg match in Spain in which Dutch referee Leo Horn sent off Vidagany and Sanchez Lage for fouls, Jackie Charlton for intended retaliation, and both sides for ten minutes to cool tempers.

The date was December 7, 1961, the place St Andrew's, and the scene a Fairs Cup second leg between Birmingham City and Espanol Barcelona which ended with four players being given their marching orders.

They were Jimmy Harris and Bertie Auld of Blues and Ribas and Abel of Espanol. And—so we are brought back to Celtic—Auld was in the Scots' team which won the Champions' Cup in 1967, was sent off a month later—in Madrid of all places—in the prestige di Stefano testimonial, and then again in the late autumn in the Battle of Montevideo.

Though, to be fair to Auld, in the Montevideo clash between Celtic and Racing (Buenos Aires) in a World Club Cup play-off, referee Rodolfo Osorio let him stay on the pitch for the final 90 seconds of the match because of a desperate wish to complete it without any more lengthy and argumentative interruptions.

It is a sad fact that Scottish clubs seem to have been involved in more than their share of international incidents.

For instance, the year before the Birmingham-Espanol clash, the other Catalan giant—CF Barcelona—were involved in shocking scenes at Hibernians' Easter Road which drew a remarkable comment from the referee involved. West Germany's Jan Malka said: "The next time I have to referee a match involving a Spanish side I'll be wearing spiked running shoes and carrying a pistol."

It is only fair to record that he had been hounded from the pitch to his dressing room, despite a police guard, by Barcelona players and officials upset at his decision to award Hibs a penalty which cost CFB the tie.

Horn, forever a harbinger of doom about lack of discipline, earned little thanks for his stand and later his outspoken comments led to his being ostracised just when it seemed he was at his best.

Boycott

Celtic too made themselves unpopular a few years later, in 1968, after the Russians moved into Czechoslovakia. They headed a number of clubs in refusing to play Warsaw Pact teams in the first round of the season's European competitions; this in turn led to a new draw and a mass boycott by the Communist countries involved (except Czechoslovakia, whose Slovan Bratislava won the Cup Winner's Cup).

Celtic's great rivals, Rangers, are no strangers to trouble either. In the Fairs Cup of 1968-9 their fans were involved in a pitch invasion at Newcastle—a forerunner of the sad night two years ago in Barcelona—that city again—when Rangers won their first European trophy.

Rangers beat Moscow Dynamo 3-2 to

Happier times for the Celtic players after their Scottish Cup victory over Dundee.

win the Cup Winner's Cup, but what should have been their greatest success was scandalised by the frenzied "celebrations" of their fans, and Rangers were banned from competing the following season.

Even before that summer was out, though, we were presented with one of the worst spectacles of that misbegotten Anglo-Italian Cup—Dobing and Smith of Stoke and Marini of Roma were sent off at the Victoria Ground.

And Roma went on to win the trophy.

Replay

But the most renowned "occasion" of season 1971-2 occurred in the Champions' Cup match between Borussia Moenchengladbach and Internazionale of Milan. A spectator at the first leg in West Germany threw an empty Cola-Cola can with such remarkable force that it knocked out Inter's Italian international centre forward, Roberto Boninsegna.

Inter were losing 2-1 at the time, went down 7-1 eventually, but had the gratification of reaching the final after UEFA declared the match null and void and ordered a replay in West Berlin.

Season 1972-3 brought its troubles too—and once again in the the final of the Cup Winners' Cup. Leeds lost 1-0 to Milan in Salonica and Sogliano and Hunter were sent off minutes from the end by one of the worst referees ever seen in European competition—let alone an important final.

Christos Miklos's performance that night earned him an immediate suspension and enforced early retirement.

But a year's ban on Sogliano, coming so soon after a similar ban on Inter's Mariolino Corso for kicking the Inter-Borussia referee, apparently made little impression.

This season the first round of the Cup Winners' Cup saw two of Mr Babacan's compatriots, Cosim and Errian of Turkey's Ankaragucu, sent off while playing against Rangers in (wait for it) . . . Glasgow.

The Lazio crowd tried to invade the pitch during the UEFA Cup second leg against Ipswich, and UEFA—perhaps bearing in mind the punch-up which followed a Lazio-Arsenal match several years back—banned the Italians from Europe for a year.

Most of these tales have one thing in common: the offending club lost the match. But this was not the situation after the Parkhead debacle, and made the need for strong action even more vital.

I mentioned earlier that Babacan would have done everyone a favour by abandoning the Glasgow match—say nine minutes from the end when he sent off the third Atletico player.

Discipline

But by letting the game run the full 90 minutes he was in effect saying: "There was no discipline problem to which I was not equal. The match was never out of control."

This set UEFA a disciplinary problem. How could they convict and sentence a club when the man on the spot felt that his instant justice was sufficient?

And — an extra twist — there was absolutely no precedent for UEFA taking action against a club for the misbehaviour of its players.

UEFA have, as I have tried to make clear, frequently taken action against clubs after trouble among spectators. But players had only been dealt with on an individual basis.

No club had ever been punished for the misdeeds of its players.

What a peculiar double standard: If clubs are to be held responsible for the behaviour of their fans, how much more are they responsible for the actions of their players, their paid employees.

The problem posed by the Battle of Parkhead was one which UEFA had to answer quickly and firmly.

The answer came quickly enough. Whether it was strong enough only time will tell.

●Continued from page 3

Müller back as *support* man to draw out Eusebio. By the time Atletico had cottoned on, switched Eusebio onto Honess and substituted poor Adelardo, 60 minutes had gone and Bayern were 2-0 up.

As Lattek had foreseen, the first goal was all-important. Atletico *had* to come out and Bayern proved merciless. Had they used a real outside left rather than persisted with Kappelmann—even Dürnberger as substitute—Atletico must have been murdered.

Höness had the freedom to run in Breitner's pass for the first (29 mins); the confusion he caused helped Müller to the second (57); the 69th minute saw Müller's cheeky chip for No. 3, and Höness symbolically ran ragged virtually the whole Atletico defence single-handed for No. 4 nine minutes from the end.

For the third time in the three Champions' Cup Finals in the shadow of the Atomium—1958, 1966 and now 1974—the team wearing all-white ran off as worthy winners.

FA MUST ESTABLISH HARD AND FAST RULE

says Brian Glanville

THE real accusation against the Football Association Council is not that they took inadequate action against Newcastle, after the Cup tie invasion, but they have still to formulate a hard and fast rule. It is quite extraordinary that, after more than a hundred years of competition, they should be caught napping and naked when the incidents occurred.

In Italy, there would have been no two ways about it. The match would have been awarded *al tavolo*, at the council table, to Nottingham Forest, by two goals to nil. The Italians, that is to say, have a law for such contingencies. If there is an "invasion of the ground" of any dimensions—and 300, even if, as Lord Westwood alleged, it included only six adults, is one of alarming dimensions—then the game goes automatically 2-0 to the visiting team. If, however, the "invasion" is one by the visiting supporters, a heavy fine on the visiting team is more likely to be the result.

Automatic

The Football Association, however, could not automatically award the match to Nottingham Forest, for the very good reason that no automatic procedure existed. The fact that no automatic procedure existed—and does not exist in the Football League, either—is a considerable condemnation of both bodies.

Whether or not Lord Westwood's mollifying words about the nature of the invasion—as if to be menaced and attacked by 294 adolescents and children is in some sense less alarming than to be attacked by 300 fully grown adults—have any relevance, one thing is clear. Newcastle, before that invasion, were well on the way to defeat; 3-1 down with only ten men on the field, Howard having been sent off for protesting. They proceeded to win 4-3; a result almost inconceivable in normal circumstances.

I do not want to dwell at length, here, on whether or not the F.A. were right to order the game to be replayed on a neutral ground, rather than awarded to Nottingham Forest, or replayed at Trent Bridge. Given the lack of any established rule they were clearly in a parlous position. They could hardly turn the clock back to the moment when Howard was sent off, with Forest leading 3-1, and the invasion took place; though in a sense that would have been the most apposite decision.

Invasions

From the point of view of the future, however, it is clear that they must act, and act in concert with the Football League. For there is every reason to fear more such invasions; indeed, it is a small miracle that there have been relatively so few of them. The Italians see them as something of a commonplace, and one of the most attractive aspects of their 2-0 law is that it must discourage home fans from swarming on to the field, knowing that if they do, they are virtually assuring their team of defeat. I very much doubt whether the Newcastle fans would have come on to the field, under such circumstances.

There is also the question of safety fences. The Football Association has been considering them, and its Secretary has expressed a fear that they would limit the safety possibilities, in case of trouble among the crowd. With respect, I think this is perfect nonsense. Italian grounds, even the smallest of them, in remote villages, have had safety fences for years; as indeed have the grounds of South America. They do not constitute insurmountable barriers; they deter impassioned fans from assaulting the field because the forces of order are waiting for them on the other side. If enough and sufficiently enraged, fans attack the barricades, then there is finally no stopping them.

One thing the present season has surely done is to expose three up, three down for the imbecilic farce, the ludicrous mistake, it is. When people like the Chairman of Orient say that not only are they in favour of it but they would prefer four up and four down, then the mind reels.

Originally, four up, four down was suggested by the Football League as an aspect of its pattern of football. Strange indeed when you recall that for so many years, it rigidly stuck to one up, one down from the Third Divisions North and South. This led to such anomalies as that of poor Plymouth Argyle who, between the wars, contrived to finish second in Division Three South on no fewer than six consecutive occasions. Talk about Jacob and Laban!

Booming

There was never much of a case, other than that, for three up, three down, let alone for four up, four down, even in the days when football was booming. Today, when it is a dire and dreadful struggle for most League clubs to make ends meet, there is less to be said for it than ever. The plain truth is that of this season's Second Division, Middlesbrough alone deserved to go up, in terms both of econimic possibility and playing prowess. A handful of other clubs possessed the first quality. None, except for Middlesbrough, had the second.

The crowd rushes on to the pitch at Newcastle during the now infamous FA Cup tie against Nottingham Forest.

One looked on with despair for weeks as the undistinguished posse of Luton, Carlisle, Orient and Blackpool struggled for the other two places, so far behind Middlesbrough that their red shirts could hardly have been visible to the naked eye. One doubted whether any of these clubs really and truly, fully and whole heartedly, wanted to be promoted.

Or rather, they would all have loved to be promoted, if only a good fairy could arrive to wave a wand over them and change their situation; if Blackpool could recover the regular 30,000 gates of the Matthews-Mortensen era—which looked so small, then—if Carlisle, Luton and Orient could muster more than a miserable nine, ten or eleven thousand to attend the bulk of their home games.

Credit must not altogether be taken from these teams. Or perhaps it would be more apposite to say that blame should not wholly be spared such clubs as Aston Villa and Sheffield Wednesday, who really do have the population, the stadia, the history and the potential wealth to make a success of things in the First Division.

To these, none too far in the rear, you may add the name of West Bromwich Albion, even if they are, in the Birmingham area, the Eternal Third.

Appointment

But Sheffield Wednesday had a disgraceful season, even the appointment of Steve Burtenshaw failing to save them from their 8-0 thrashing at Middlesbrough, while Villa blew up after their impressive Cup conquest of Arsenal.

So, with the land littered with such impotent giants, it was left to the petty bourgeoisie of the division to struggle for those remaining places, while such as Manchester United, Birmingham City, Southampton and West Ham threshed about in the attempt not to drop down, with Norwich. I felt particularly sorry for Southampton.

Not that their gates, or, to be honest, their play, had ever truly made them a First Division club; but their purchase of Peter Osgood was a bold stroke, made while other clubs stood by and temporised, and a double spearhead of Ossie and the marvellous Channon would surely, in time, have made them a power in the First Division. Instead, they found themselves almost inevitably condemned to sell one or other of them.

The supporters of four up, four down will doubtless tell you that it makes things more exciting. Dear, stupid gentlemen, it would make things even more exciting if you relegated half of each division every season. It would also make them rather cheap and silly. You simply cannot have it, alas, both ways.

GORDON McQUEEN, Leeds United.

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East Germans blood fresh talent but Kreische tops all of them...

ERIC BATTY reports from Dresden

WHEN Czechoslovakia visited Dresden for a friendly match with East Germany the home side were in the midst of a very successful run. In the previous ten months they had played 12 internationals, winning 11 and only losing 1-0 away to Rumania. On that occasion the Germans were looking for a draw from a vital World Cup game and if not all the DDR's opposition has been top drawer, 11 wins out of 12 is not bad.

The game could, I felt, have been a fine one but DDR manager Georg Buschner decided to blood reserves and only five of the side can be counted as automatic choices for the World Cup and most of them were in defence.

The Czechs, too, fielded a young experimental team including half the side that had won the 1972 European championship at Under 23 level. The Czech approach is easily understood. Their game has been in tatters for some time and manager Vaclav Jezek knows only too well that he must find new young players.

This was only the ninth meeting between the two sides—somewhat surprising when one considers they are neighbours—and most of their meetings have been friendly matches when one or other needed a game.

Attitude

Buschner's attitude towards this match is difficult to understand. Either he did not particularly want a game at that time or he very kindly omitted players from 1st FC Magdeburg and Lokomotive Leipzig, who had vital league games to play at the rate of three games a week, and important dates in European competitions. At all events he chose a side that included several players that are no more than third choices for the World Cup and one or two will not even get in the final 22.

Certainly the Germans had more reason to be cagey and more to hide. With Dutch television cameras there as part of their bid to film all Holland's 15 World Cup opponents—and though I didn't see anyone of importance perhaps there were one or two World Cup managers hiding in the Presidents box.

Whatever the reason the game itself was a disappointment, though two things stood out despite all the attempts to hide them. The Czechs, who are thought to provide the stiffest hurdle to England's progress in the 1976 European championship, are in real trouble and the Germans, for all their attempts to hide their potential, look really good.

The two most impressive figures were DDR's goalkeeper Jurgen Croy and centre forward Joachim Streich. Late in the game Hans-Jurgen Kreische, the Dynamo Dresden star recovering slowly from a serious knee injury, came on to show that he really is world class.

Croy was seldom tested because of the inept Czech attack but he looked very confident dealing with high crosses. This is in direct contrast to West German goalkeepers who strangely have for some years had this one failing in common. Croy did everything he was asked to do just right and on one occasion he produced a touch of real class.

Speculative

A speculative long pass from the Czechs cleared the line of German defenders and with Czech striker Jiri Klement in hot pursuit Croy went out. Some 15 yards outside his penalty area Croy met the ball—his anticipation getting him to it long before Klement. Then where 99% of goalkeepers would have been cheered for giving the ball an almighty thump into touch, Croy did the unexpected. He put his foot on the ball and stopped it. Klement stood facing him for a brief moment before Croy, looking round saw that *libero* Bransch had got back to cover and calm as you like Croy played the ball back to Bransch on his own penalty spot.

The striker Streich is a real find, though still only 22 when this game was played. He's quick, decisive, skilful and courageous and he never stops running. Not particularly big, he's got something of the zip that takes Kevin Keegan up above many defenders who have extra inches.

Playing 1-3-4-2, the Germans had most of the play without being particularly methodical. Perhaps the absence of Kreische, Ducke, Lowe and Sparwasser left the side short of attacking ideas. Whatever the reason the chief German ploy was to hit long high balls up to Streich and left winger Eberhard Vogel. Some dropped beyond the Czech line and were promptly chased by the strikers but the majority were cleared into midfield without too much difficulty.

The East German team that faced Czechoslovakia. Left to right: Bransch, Croy, Irmscher, Schnuphase, Vogel, Kurbjuweit, Lauck, Streich, Waltzlich, Weiss, Riedel.

Vogel (white) of East Germany tackled by Ondrus of Czechoslovakia.

The man who stood out in midfield was Harald Irmscher, an inside forward from FC Carl Zeiss Jena who has been around a long time but is not a regular in the World Cup squad. He played as if he really wanted to get back in the side and he had skill—close control and the confidence to take people on as well as distributing the ball well.

Not so bright was the performance of Reinhard Lauck, who is a first choice in midfield . . . but he was replaced at the interval. Lauck looked like a fish out of water and the probability is that he is the DDR hard-man, the hatchet who sorts out the opposition stars. Asked to keep things quiet for a friendly he didn't know what else to do, like a lot of others whose prime skill is in chopping.

Hatchets

I may be mistaken but I couldn't see any particular skill from him. It was significant that he did a lot of hard running but having caught his man he was content to get goal-side and look. We shall see him more fully in the World Cup when the hatchets will fly as surely as the final is to be staged in Munich.

The game was won and lost when a speculative high cross travelled at least 40 yards into the Czech goalmouth and Ivo Viktor made no move towards the ball. Stuck on his line Viktor watched as Streich moved in from the left, climbed between two Czech defenders to reach the ball with his head and plant it firmly past Viktor's left hand. The goalkeeper got a touch, showing his very quick reflexes but any goalkeeper worth his pay should have been underneath the cross, picking the ball safely out of the air.

This lapse by Viktor underlines the poverty of Czech football for just a few weeks earlier it was Viktor who collected their "Footballer of the Year" award!

One could understand a goalkeeper being caught out by a short cross to the six-yard-line but this one was hit by Dieter Riedl from way out and Viktor had ample time to reach the flight of the ball and cut it out. A few minutes later the young Czech debutante Anton Ondrus miskicked across the goal and once more Streich beat all opposition to head just over.

On his line Viktor made two or three good saves but he almost threw another goal away when following a weak shot by Vogel, Streich and the Czech stopper Vaclav Samek were spectators until Viktor fumbled the ball and dropped it. Four yards out the ball only needed a touch but it was Samek who reacted first to hook the ball away.

The Czechs had one real chance when left winger Jan Capkovic got away on the left. One against one facing Lothar Kurbjuweit he beat his man and just right released his pass. Centre forward Nehoda was nicely placed and with time to spare hit the ball powerfully . . . high and wide.

In the second half both sides made changes. During the interval the local crowd were chanting for Buschner to send on their heroes Hans-Jurgen Dorner and the DDR captain (when fully fit) Kreische. Buschner went half way to satisfying the crowd by bringing on Dorner for the hapless Lauck and Dorner clearly is a useful player. The Czechs had made more significant changes replacing two of their three strikers. Bohumil Vesely came on at outside right for Masrna and Klement replaced Capkovic on the left. Nehoda, who stayed is big, powerful, quick and courageous but he lacks skill. On one occasion he let a good ball pass through his legs, turned and went after it. The entire German defence had bought the dummy but all Nehoda got was a free kick after being floored unceremoniously.

Lack courage

The dilemma for the Czechs is that they have skilful players who lack courage and fighting spirit or players who are big and quick but lack intelligence and skill. One without the other is worth nothing today.

The German changes were all slightly better than those of the Czechs and if the game never reached any great heights of skill the Germans never looked like losing. Both sets of defences were well organised and were rarely extended with the result that both sets of players, unable to get

●Continued on page 50

 East European round-up

Club before country in Yugoslavia

IN mid-season a minor revolution amongst the clubs in Yugoslavia, badly affected by live TV, has led to a new, compromise formula. In future one game per week will be shown but played on Saturday and TV will make up the gate receipts to an agreed figure.

The clubs also got their way in a wrangle with Miljan Miljanic, boss of their World Cup squad. He wanted even more games to be switched to mid-week, thus ending the season earlier and allowing him week-ends to stage more international matches.

Club still comes before country, however, and the clubs got their way again.

Since the re-start after the break Radnicki Nis, who started off playing defensively but getting results, have found it increasingly difficult to score goals.

Dinamo Zagreb, who also started well and occupied one of the top two places for long spells early on, have also slipped back. Now Dinamo need two or three wins to keep them away from the relegation places and Radnicki appear firmly fixed in mid-table.

Red Star, who were always close to the top, have made a determined bid for the title again. They have introduced yet another young star, inside forward Savid, who scored on his debut in a 3-1 win at Skoplje and hit two more in the next game.

Velez Mostar had more difficulty covering for the injured Bajevic. They beat Hajduk Split 1-0 then drew 2-2 at Zeljezbicer in Sarajevo where Katalinski scored for the Railway team then put through his own goal.

Now the championship race has narrowed to three clubs—Hajduk, Red Star and Velez who are all within one point, with four games left to play. The top of the table clash between Hajduk and Red Star—a Cup final replay—could be decisive.

Most critics are agreed that since qualifying for the World Cup many players are performing for themselves and the scouts from foreign clubs that are queuing up to sign them for next season.

One of the most improved is Red Star's Stanislav Karasi who has jumped into second place in the scorers list with 13 goals, one behind the unfit Bajevic.

Coaches

AFTER the Russian FA had openly criticised the top clubs for sacking their managers and coaches at the end of last season, they had had a clear out at full international level and also appointed a new chief for the Under 23 team. National boss Jevguenij Gorianski certainly had a bad time last year, unable to find the right formula for attack and even the top marksman in Division I, Oleg Blokhin, let him down.

The result was a string of games in which the USSR failed to score and this led at least in part to elimination from the World Cup after they were held to 0-0 by Chile in Moscow.

It is not clear whether Gorianski resigned or was sacked, but with his record he may well have wanted to quit!

The new boss at top level is Konstantin Beskov, the former Moscow Dynamo inside forward. Now 54, Beskov has had one stint as national coach but has spent most of his managerial career with Dynamo. He has produced some useful players and took the club to the final of the European Cup Winners Cup.

Another man who had a stint as national boss is Valentin Nikolajev, sacked by the Moscow Army club ZDSA last autumn. He is the new Under 23 team chief, assisted by Sergei Salnikov, the former Moscow Spartak inside left and probably the most talented Russian of the 50's. They got off to a good start, hammering Czechoslovakia's Under 23's by 6-0 at the Razdan stadium in Jerevan.

The penalties experiment of 1973 has been dispensed with for the new season, and it's back to one point each for a draw. The season started with two rounds of the FA Cup and at the start of the league programme it looks as if Dynamo Kiev have found themselves again. They got off to a good start with five points from the first three games, including a 2-0 win over Ararat Jerevan who took a Cup and League double last season. Ominously Spartak started with a 1-0 win and a 0-0 draw and near the foot of the table after three games Schachtjor Donezk have two points from three games without scoring yet.

Goalscorer

THE team of the season in Bulgaria is Levski-Spartak, who quickly stormed to the front and have stayed on top throughout. With a squad full of internationals they still have no regular goalscorer, in common with the national team and all their rivals.

Levski's brightest front players are Kiril Milanov and Pavel Panov, both capped and in the national squad but not the top striker they really need. In their latest tests they just managed to survive, beating Lokomotive Plovdiv 2-1 with a couple of goals from right winger Vojin Vojnov and in the last game drawing 1-1 in the Sofia derby against their closest challengers CSKA.

Levski had most of the play against CSKA but couldn't turn their overall superiority into goals. They were set back when the Army team's stopper Chono Vassilev went up for a set piece and scored but before the end a good volley by Pavel Panov earned a point.

With three games left to play this leaves Levski with a five point lead over CSKA. No one else can touch them and the title looks safe.

Beroe of Stara Zagora, who did well enough last season to qualify for the UEFA Cup, are in trouble now. Without centre forward Petki Petkov (who is ill) and with Metodi Bontchev, their other scorer, apparently unable to function on his own, Beroe have slipped dangerously close to the relegation zone.

CSK Spartak Varna have looked a safe bet for the drop right from the start and are still firmly fixed at the bottom. Their neighbours Cernomore are not safe yet either and owe a great deal to their chief marksman Stefan Bogomilov, the scorer of 18 league goals.

The rest of the side have managed only 14 between them. Petkov still tops the list with 20 and Dimitr Chekov of Etar still holds third place with 17.

Etar who play in the mediaeval town of Tirnovo have done surprisingly well.

Generation

AT THE 17th round in Czechoslovakia three clubs who have been out of the limelight shared the lead at the top with 22 points. All three are managed by ex-players of the new managerial generation—Joszef Venglos at Slovan Bratislava; Josef Masopust with Dukla Praha and Tomas Pospichal now in charge of Ostrava.

Slavia were much improved on last season; Sparta were figuring prominently and the other Prague club Bohemians were doing well and certainly better than expected under former Dukla coach Bohumil Musil.

Then the cracks began to appear and both Slovan and Dukla slipped back. Slovan's current form reveals them to be homers. They were watched by more than 20,000 for the Bratislava derby against Inter and won 3-0; beat Zilina 2-0 and then hammered Presov 5-1—a game in which the veteran international Karol Jokl scored twice.

They have picked up only one point from three away games, hammered 1-5 by Slavia

in Prague and going down 1-3 away to lowly Skoda Pilzen.

Dukla, too, have slipped, though they were unbeaten in their last four games—though drawing three times since crashing 3-1 away to Nitra. This was a defeat that pushed Dukla off the top.

In their next game away to Banik Ostrava Dukla led twice with goals from Miroslav Gajdusek and Zdenek Nehoda but could only draw 2-2.

The only team playing consistently, Ostrava have won three and drawn three in their last six games to take a two point lead over both their major vivals. They are now attracting crowds averaging 12,000 and for the visit of Dukla which was a needle game pulled in more than 25,000.

Another good crowd of more than 23,000 saw the Prague derby Sparta v. Slavia, the clash of the former giants.

Slavia had thrashed Slovan 5-1 just a few days earlier but Sparta, dropping their star Josef Jurkanin who has not recovered his best form following a cartilage operation, won 4-1. They led three-nil at one stage with stopper Urban scoring twice.

Attracted

FC Carl Zeiss Jena and Dynamo Dresden dominate the first choice East German World Cup XI and have attracted all the attention for most of the season. But in the last few rounds it was 1st FC Magdeburg, the 1973 Cup Winners, who came from behind to steal most of the glory.

When Magdeburg beat AC Milan in the Cup Winners Cup final they had already clinched the DDR championship—largely due to their rivals failings. In times of crisis when the pressure is on it is morale and determination which count most and this appears to have been Magdeburg's strong point.

To be sure, Dynamo Dresden had an appalling season as far as injuries were concerned and Jena too missed centre forward Peter Ducke for several critical games.

Magdeburg first threatened when they won 4-0 away to Energie Cottbus on a day when both their rivals failed—Carl Zeiss drawing 2-2 at home to Lokomotive Leipzig and Dresden crashing 0-3 away to Dynamo Berlin.

Dresden then saw the return of 'Hansi' Kreische and celebrated with a 7-0 home win over Cottbus but the last three rounds proved vital

Magdeburg stole the show, first going to Jena to beat Carl Zeiss 2-1 after Harald Irmscher had put Zeiss ahead from a penalty. They followed that by visiting Dresden to win 1-0 with an early goal from Detleft Raugust.

Dorner, the Dresden libero hit a Magdeburg post in the last minute. On the same day Zeiss crashed 3-1 away to Hansa Rostock and Magdeburg were champions.

A crowd of 35,000 saw Magdeburg's last game at home to FC Vorwats and though it wasn't needed they celebrated with a 3-2 win. That same week end the Cup finalists Carl Zeiss and Dynamo Dresden staged a preview in Jena where the home side won 3-0 with internationals Lothar Kurbjuweit and Eberhard Vogel both scoring.

Then in the Cup Final watched by 32,000 with live TV Dresden led early through Hafner and hung on until, late in the second half Schlutter equalised. Extra time was needed and goals by Schumann and *libero* Bransch took the Cup to Jena 3-1.

Tomas Pospichal, former star of Ostrava and Sparta Prague, now manager of Ostrava, the team most likely to win the championship in Czechoslovakia. After a taste of professionalism in France, Pospichal is now said to be the most strict manager in Czechoslovakia, driving Ostrava to victory in the Cup last season and now within sight of the league title.

RUCH CHORZOW HAVE SLIPPED

THE Championship race in Poland has taken second place behind the national team's preparations and just for once no one seems to mind. Ruch Chrozow, who started the season in fine form, have slipped up a few times but still lead from a cluster of teams that have hung on since the start.

Gornik Zabrze made a poor start but improved to second place after beating Lech Poznan 2-0 and the 1973 champions Stal Mielec 1-0.

They looked like serious contenders, particularly when Wlodzimierz Lubanski returned after missing the first 20 league games. He made his come-back in the local derby against Ruch at Chorzow but *libero* Jerzy Gorgon was injured early on and went off.

Lubanski had a useful game but was clearly lacking match practice and Ruch won in a canter by 3-0.

A fortnight later Lubanski broke down again with trouble in the knee which was operated on last summer and underwent a second operation that makes it certain he will miss the World Cup.

This is a serious blow for national boss Kazimierz Gorski, for Lubanski played a vital role in the Olympic Games success and is the only world class striker in Poland.

Legia Warsaw are still in the race, too, as are Wisla Krakow. Slask did everyone a favour by beating Ruch 2-0 recently though only Gornik and Legia fully capitalised by winning their games.

Legia just got home in the Warsaw derby against Gwardia by 2-1 with goals from Dejna and Gadocha.

Ruch now have a four point lead to play with at the final run in. They have the best all-round squad, though other clubs have one or two stars.

Legia appear to be the team most likely to produce a late challenge if Ruch slip up. They recently beat Gornik 3-1 but depend rather too much on Gadocha for goals.

In the scorers race, Wisla Krakow's 19-year-old centre forward leads the field with 14 goals followed by Joachim Marx (Ruch Chorzow) on 12 and Robert Gadocha (Legia) with 10.

Victory at last and the future is bright...

by Leslie Vernon

AT LAST! Hungary, after eighteen painful months have won a full-international match, and the future—under new management—looks bright. Although there was a drastic reorganisation in the structure and personnel of the F.A., Rudolf Illovszky stayed on as national manager—a wise decision.

The year's first international, against World Cup Finalists, Bulgaria, was staged in the football-crazy provincial town, Zalaegerszeg, where a full-house and enthusiastic support could be confidently expected. As it happened, these small-town citizens put on a marvellous show, which included special exhibitions of folk art and music festival.

Happily, the match itself was worthy of their splendid efforts, and the idea of arranging a game of such eminence outside the capital was fully vindicated.

Illovszky, obviously building for the forthcoming European Championship and the '76 Olympic Games, has selected a young squad. Even the originally included, but later injured, Zambo and Horvath, were replaced by players of little experience.

Promise

Laszlo Fekete, the 20-year-old Dozsa winger was perhaps the most interesting newcomer. He has only played a handful of games for the champions, but showed exceptional promise both against Benfica and Spartak Trnava in the European Cup. Jozsef Poczik, the Raba Eto midfielder, was another debutante, and sub. Mihaly Kantor of Vasas also collected his first cap.

The full team (age, number of caps): Meszaros (24, 2), Kolar (23, 1), Balint (26, 18), Vidats (27, 19), Megyesi (25, 3), I. Juhasz (28, 20), Fazekas (27, 31), Poczik (20, -), Fekete (20, -), Bene (30, 67), Mate 25, 1).

Bulgaria lined-up without regulars Mihajlov, Zecev and Kolev, but team manager Christo Mladenov was pleased to give an outing to some of his younger reserves. The Hungarians opened briskly, and in the 4th minute, after a Juhasz-Fekete combination, Fazekas beat goalkeeper Gornov. The same player scored just before the break, and his Dozsa team-mate, Ferenc Bene, made it 3-0, capitalising on a rare mistake by sweeper Aladjov.

Handled

The excellent Bonev got the visitors' consolation goal from a penalty, after the nervous Megyesi needlessly handled the ball. Fazekas and Balint were the pick of a refreshingly enthusiastic Hungarian team, which gave a highly satisfactory performance.

Kantor came in early in the first half for the injured Kolar for the only change in the home team, while the Bulgarians used three subs.

After the game, Illovszky said that he was happy with the result, but due to last minute injuries, there was a lack of team-work and understanding. Mladenov: "We aim to reach peak form by June. This was a warning that we must work hard if we wish to improve on our dismal record in World Cup Finals".

But the Hungarian euphoria lasted only two short weeks. On April 17, the Magyars travelled to Dortmund, where the rampant West Germans were waiting for them. In this World Cup warm-up which marked the opening of the newly constructed stadium, the gap between a top-footballing nation and the struggling second-raters was cruelly exposed.

Restricted

Illovszky put the No. 10 shirt on defender Vidats, instructing him to mark and pressurise the sweeper of the opposition, a guy called Beckenbauer. Franz wasn't particularly bothered. He merely restricted his own attacking runs and took the Vasas player out of the game. Knowing the strength and experience of the Germans, Fabian was re-called at right full-back and with the Juhasz-Fazekas-Zambo midfield trio on duty, the Hungarians could not have fielded a stronger side.

Yet the Germans were far, far superior, and their 5-0 victory was a fair reflection on the play. Before the break, the visitors managed to keep pace with Hoeness and Co., and only a Wimmer goal separated the teams. But by the middle of the second period, the Magyars were sold out, and Holzenbein, Kremers, and Muller twice, beat goalkeeper Meszaros.

News from Hungary

This was Hungary's worst defeat since the war, and the game clearly demonstrated that they must improve their stamina, workrate, ball-control under pressure, if they hope to attain any worthwhile status in world football. April has been a "German month" in the Champions Cup too. Bayern Munich k.o'd Dozsa on a 4-1 aggregate, capitalising on their psychological advantage in the second-leg match, which was played a week after the Dortmund fiasco.

The brighter side of the coin is the excellent showing of the Under-23 team. After beating Holland in the quarter-finals, they subdued their bogy-team, the Soviet Union, and are now in the Final of the European Championship. Russia won 2-0 at Harkeov, but the Hungarians took their revenge by the same score at Kazicbarcika and won the penalty contest 4-3. Ferencvaros grabbed the Cup for the 12th time in their history with a 3-1 win over Komlo in the Final. Only 6,000 people saw this game in the Nepstadion, and there is renewed talk that the system of playing-off the domestic trophy should be revised.

READERS' FORUM...

Statements are not correct

THIS Association has studied your article on emerging continents as contained in the March edition of your magazine and notes many incorrect "facts" in Mr. Wade's article. Whilst appreciating that the information published was obtained from an official of a breakaway league, we feel it should have been authenticated before publication.

Firstly, in our opinion, the breakaway group is politically motivated and seeks to gain power through unconstitutional means. The door has always been open to them to stand in open elections, and, with the claimed majority support, should have been able to assume control of the F.A. of Rhodesia.

Secondly, the statement that two meetings called by this Association were abandoned is untrue. Both meetings continued in terms of our Constitution and the business of the Association dealt with.

Thirdly, extracts from our Constitution as quoted in World Soccer are incomplete. With regard to Item 1, in reference to Full members of the Association, Clubs must own, *lease or have the use of a ground that complies with the Laws of the game.* In Item 2, That Clubs should be in good standing for 7 years or more should read, "That Clubs must have participated in senior football for 7 years, have the lease or use of a suitable ground or have won a major competition i.e. league or Cup Championship, and be able to produce a Constitution and show from their balance sheet that they are in good standing."

The reference to winning a major competition obviates the need to have participated in a senior league for 7 years. Since the Association was formed in 1965 under the Chairmanship of Sir Stanley Rous, the majority of Clubs have had the opportunity to become full voting members of the Association. The claim that "few African Clubs could comply with these requirements" is false and, in fact those participating in the breakaway Association have no vote at all!

Fourthly, the figures quoted on attendances at league matches are completely misleading. The average attendances at league matches in the first division have never exceeded 4,000. In most matches attendances vary from 500 to 3,000 with the odd match of 8,000 or more on occasion. The record attendance at any match in Rhodesia was the 1973 F.A. Cup Final which drew a capacity crowd of 35,000.

Yours faithfully,

G. H. L. KERR
Secretary,
Football Association of Rhodesia

I READ the following story recently in a Bucharest publication called "Tribuna Romaniei".

"A most unusual thing happened in the recent championship match between league leaders Universitatea of Craiova and Politehnica of Timisoara. Universitatea were pressing relentlessly and missing numerous scoring chances. They even had their full backs up in the visitor's penalty box. In the heat of the battle, one of them, Niculescu instinctively reverted to his customary role and cleared a goal-bound shot almost under the cross-bar. It would have been the winning goal.

"After the match, which ended in a goalless draw, the unhappy player explained: 'In the excitement I forgot I was in front of the opponents goal'."

A. HAMBURGER
Reading, Berks.

FROM time to time in WORLD SOCCER you have mentioned the German magazine "Der Kicker" and "Kicker-Sportmagazin" and the French publication "France Football". Are these available in England?

P. EMERY
Gedling, Notts.

(Placement of an order with one of the larger newsagents such as Smiths or Menzies should prove satisfactory — EDITOR).

I HAVE been reading WORLD SOCCER for quite some time and I am surprised you have never published any letters from people wishing to make contact with fans in other countries. I collect metal lapel badges from all over the world and would like to hear from readers of WORLD SOCCER who are interested in badge collecting. I will answer all letters.

P. A. COOPER
29 Cox Row
Chandler's Ford
Hampshire, England.

I AM a native of Chile where I played professional soccer for many years for University of Chile and the national squad. I receive WORLD SOCCER regularly and enjoy reading it very much.

At this time I would like to congratulate your publication for Eric Weil's assessment of Chile's chances in the World Cup which appeared in the March issue. Mr Weil's writing reflected extremely well the reality of Chilean soccer and his knowledge of the sport in that faraway country.

By the way, Mr. Luis Alamos, Chile's national coach, and myself were teammates in the 40's with the University of Chile team.

Finally, I regret that England will not be present in the next World Cup. Their presence would have given quality and class to the competition.

MARIO IBANEZ, M.D.
Miami, Florida.

THANK you for a first class magazine. It contains articles with so much broad-minded information. Many of WORLD SOCCER's journalists seem to have an instant flair. Leslie Vernon, Norman Cutler and Eric Weil provide interesting articles and always filter out relevant news. However, I would like to see the magazine publish results from foreign countries.

GRAHAM ASHWORTH
Stafford, Staffs.

(Unfortunately a lack of space prevents us from publishing league results from European countries — EDITOR).

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO: **Readers' Forum, World Soccer, 79 Temple Chambers, London, EC4Y OEX**

Classified results

Classified results

European Cup Final

Wednesday, May 15: Atletico 1 (Luis 114), Bayern 1 (Schwarzenbeck 119). (After extra time; 0-0 at 90 minutes).

Atletico: Reina; Heredia; Melo, Eusebio, Capon; Adelardo, Luis, Irureta, Salcedo (Alberto 89); Ufarte (Becerra 67), Garate.

Bayern: Maier; Beckenbauer; Schwarzenbeck, Hansen; Kappelmann, Roth, Breitner, Zobel; Höness, Müller, Torstensson (Dürnberger 76).

Bookings: Irureta 86 (foul tackle).

Attendance: 60,000.

Friday, May 17: Atletico 0, Bayern 4 (Höness 29, 81, Müller 57, 69).

Atletico: Reina; Heredia; Melo, Eusebio, Capon; Salcedo, Adelardo (Benegas 60), Luis, Alberto (Ufarte 65); Garate, Becerra.

Bayern: Maier; Beckenbauer; Schwarzenbeck, Hansen; Kappelmann, Roth, Breitner, Zobel; Müller, Höness, Torstensson.

Bookings: Müller 44 (dissent); Eusebio 53 (foul tackle); Benegas 74 (foul).

Attendance: 30,000.

SOUTH AMERICAN CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

First Round

Group 1

March 12

Rosario Central (Argentina) (1) 2 (Carril, Cabral)
Colo Colo (Chile) (0) 0

Rosario Central: Biasuto, Gonzalez, Pascutini, D. Killer, M. Killer, Aimar, Solari, Kempes, Boveda, Cabral, Carril.

Colo Colo: Neff, Galindo (Garcia), Gonzalez, Lara, Herrera, Paez, Valdez, Mesen, Veliz, Gamboa Crisosto, Elissetche.

March 14

Huracan (Argentina) (1) 2 (Babington 2)
Colo Colo (Chile) (0) 0

Huracan: Leyes, Carrascosa, Fanesi, Diaz, Lavoratto, Brindisi, Russo, Babington, Houseman (Scalise), Avallay, Larrosa (Quiroga).

Colo Colo: Neff, Galindo, Gonzalez, Garcia, Herrera, Paez, Lara, Mesen, Veliz, Gamboa, Crisosto (Solis).

March 20

Union Espanola (Chile) (0) 0
Rosario Central (Argentina) (0) 1 (Poy)

Union Espanola: Vallejos, Avendano, Berly, Soto, Varas, Suazo (Yavar), Cortazar, Las Heras (Spedaletti), Farias, Ahumada, Villar.

Rosario Central: Biasuto, Gonzalez, Pascutini, D. Killer, M. Killer, Aimar, Solari, Poy (Mancinelli), Boveda, Cabral (Kempes), Carril.

March 22

Colo Colo (Chile) (1) 2 (Solis)
Rosario Central (Argentina) (1) 3 (M. Killer, Kempes, Solari)

Colo Colo: Neff, Galindo, Herrera, Gonzalez, Garcia, Lara, Valdez, Solis, Crisosto, Gamboa, Veliz.

Rosario Central: Biasuto, Gonzalez, Pascutini, M. Killer, D. Killer, Aimar, Solari, Poy, Boveda (Kempes), Cabral, Carril.

March 26

Huracan (Argentina) (1) 1 (Avallay)
Rosario Central (Argentina) (0) 0

Huracan: Leyes, Sune, Fanesi, Basile, Carrascosa, Quiroga, Russo, Babington, Houseman, Avallay, Maglioni (Leone).

Rosario Central: Biasuto, Gonzalez, Pascutini, D. Killer, M. Killer, Aimar, Solari, Poy, Boveda (Kempes), Cabral, Carril (Saldano).

March 26

Union Espanola (Chile) (1) 2 (Yavar, Ahumada)
Colo Colo (Chile) (0) 0

April 2

Rosario Central (Argentina) (1) 4 (Kempes 2 (1 pen.), Solari, Cabral)
Union Espanola (Chile) (0) 0

Rosario Central: Biasuto, Gonzalez, Pascutini, D. Killer, Burgos, Aimar, Solari, Poy, Boveda, Cabral, Kempes.

Union Espanola: Vallejos, Avendano, Berly, Soto, Varas, Cortazar, Yavar, Farias, Spedaletti, Ahumada, Villar.

April 4

Huracan (Argentina) (2) 5 (Brindisi 3, Scalise 2)
Union Espanola (Chile) (0) 1 (Catafau)

Huracan: Leyes, Sune, Baglione, Diaz, Carrascosa, Brindisi, Russo, Quiroga, Houseman, Avallay, Larrosa.

Union Espanola: Vallejos, Avendano, Berly, Soto, Machuca, Cortazar, Yavar, Farias, Spedaletti, Ahumada, Villar.

April 12 (play-off)

Huracan (Argentina) (0) 4 (Brindisi 2, Russo, Larrosa)
Rosario Central (Argentina) (0) 0

Huracan: Leyes, Sune, Fanesi, Basile, Carrascosa, Brindisi, Russo, Quiroga, Avallay (Scalise), Maglioni (Larrosa), Houseman.

Rosario Central: Biasuto, Gonzalez, Pascutini, D. Killer, Burgos, Aimar, Solari, Poy, Boveda (Mancinelli), Cabral (Zavagno), Kempes. (Gonzalez sent off in first minute).

Group 1 Final standings (incl. play-off)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
HURACAN (Argentina)	7	6	—	1	17	4	12
Rosario Central (Argentina)	7	5	—	2	11	6	10
Union Espanola (Chile)	6	2	—	4	6	14	4
Colo Colo (Chile)	6	—	—	6	3	13	—

First Round

Group 2

March 31

Sao Paulo (Brazil) (2) 2 (Terto 2)
Palmeiras (Brazil) (0) 0

April 6

Jorge Wilsterman (Bolivia) 1 (Milton Jeanna)
Palmeiras (Brazil) (0) 0

April 15

Jorge Wilsterman (Bolivia) (0) 0
Sao Paulo (Brazil) (0) 1 (Terto)

COLIN TODD of England.

First Round

Group 3

March 21

Millionarios (Colombia) (2) 2
Portuguesa (Venezuela) (0) 1
Nacional (Colombia) (1) 2
Valencia (Venezuela) (0) 1

March 23

Millionarios (Colombia) (0) 2 (Fernandez, Villa)
Valencia (Venezuela) (0) 1 (Gaviria o.g.)
Nacional (Colombia) 3
Portuguesa (Venezuela) 0

Group 3 Final Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
MILLIONARIOS (Colombia)	6	4	1	1	10	6	9
Nacional (Colombia)	6	3	1	2	8	7	7
Portuguesa (Venezuela)	6	2	2	2	4	5	6
Valencia (Venezuela)	6	—	2	4	4	8	2

First Round

Group 4

March 21

Sporting Cristal (Peru) (1) 1
Nacional (Ecuador) (1) 3

March 28

Defensor Lima (Peru) (0) 2
Nacional (Ecuador) (0) 1

April 3

Sporting Cristal (Peru) 2
Universidad Catolica (Ecuador) 1

April 10

Defensor Lima (Peru) (0) 1 (Stucchi)
Universidad Catolica (Ecuador) 0

March 15

Defensor Lima (Peru) 2 (Gonzalez, Bailetti)
Sporting Cristal (Peru) 0

Group 3 Final Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
DEFENSOR LIMA (Peru)	6	4	1	1	7	2	9
Nacional (Ecuador)	6	3	2	1	9	3	8
Universidad Catolica (Ecuador)	6	1	2	3	2	5	4
Sporting Cristal (Peru)	6	1	1	4	3	11	3

(Qualified for semi finals: Huracan (Argentina), Penarol (Uruguay), Defensor Lima (Peru), Millionaries (Colombia), holders Independiente (Argentina) and group 2 winner to be decided).

●Continued from page 45

through and create good scoring chances were reduced to hitting speculative shots from 20 to 25 yards.

Croy looked as if he could swallow up everything the Czechs hit at him for a week and Viktor after his first half lapse was always equal to the German shooting.

Then in the 70th minute Buschner made a change that was to give the game a new dimension. Off went Streich and Vogel to be replaced by Wolfram Lowe and Hans-Jurgen Kreische. Immediately this man Kreische brought a touch of magic to the proceedings. His first contact with the ball revealed his awareness of those around him, receiving a long ball out of defence and hitting it first time down the left to set Lowe away for a shot at goal that went over.

From then on Kreische was the man to watch, beating opponents, putting colleagues away and if he didn't work particularly hard, this may be due to the fact that he was working himself in gradually after his injury. Even if he doesn't work, lined up behind two central strikers like Streich and the absent veteran Peter Ducke he looked capable of destroying even the best organised defences.

Throughout the game the Germans looked capable but when Kreische came it made one aware that at full strength the DDR will be a team to watch. They may not win the World Cup, but they are certainly going to qualify for phase II and one can feel simmering beneath the surface, enough to make one aware that the clash with West Germany is going to be worth going a long way to see.

ZBIGNIEW GUT
Poland

EMERSON LEAO Brazil